ANIMAL

NO. 7

ANIMAL FABLES

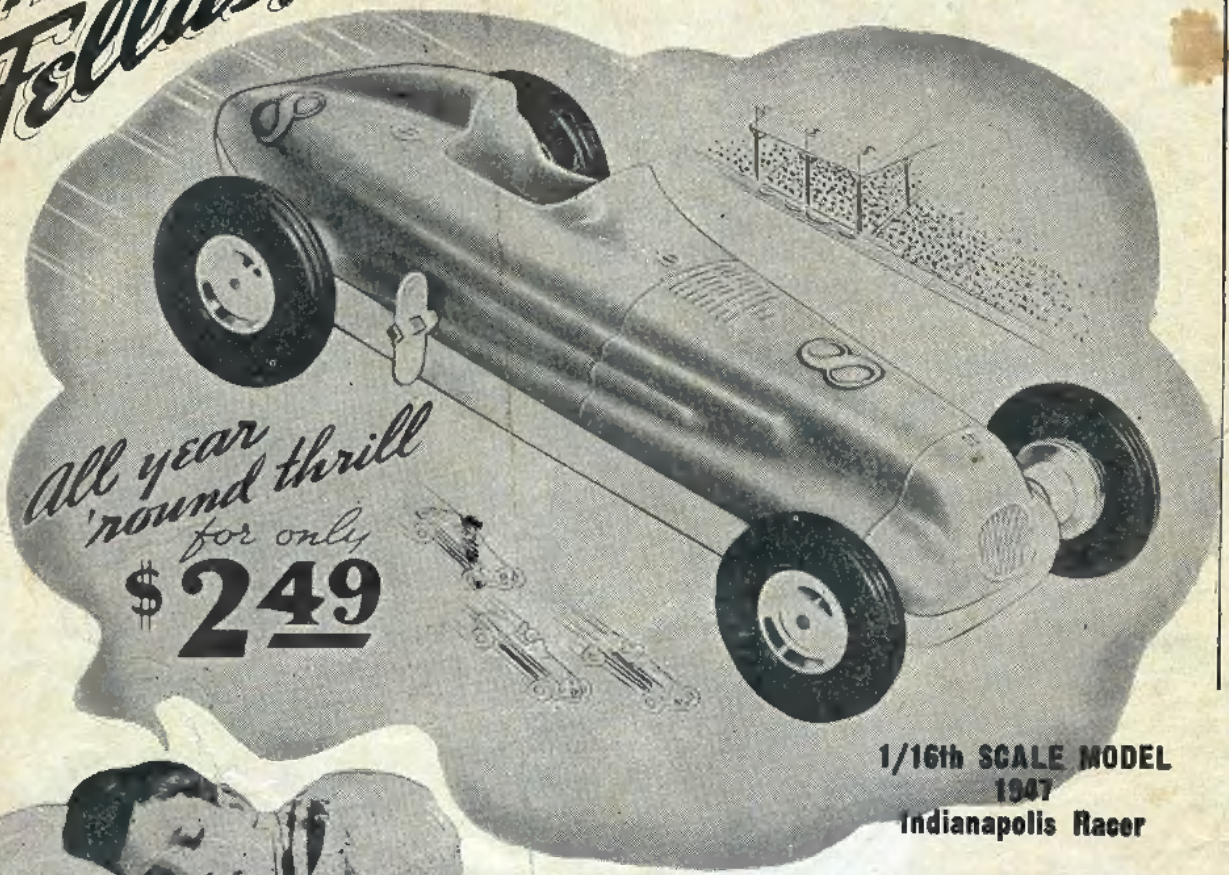
AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ALL PAGES IN FULL COLOR 10¢

M 10 DIS

Hey Fellas!

The CAR You've Dreamed About, CAN NOW BE YOURS!
The REX MAYS Racer runs 150-175 feet up to 15 miles per hour.



1/16th SCALE MODEL 1947 Indianapolis Racer

This REX MAYS Racer with its FREE WHEELING Heavy duty Spring Motor Brings You the roaring excitement of the Speed Track!

Here it is—that miniature car you've always wanted. The fastest, smoothest-performing, best-looking car for its size and price you've ever seen. You'll thrill to its power as you watch this sleek, almost a foot long racer speed into high from a standing start. Ask for action . . . Zip! You get it . . . as this mighty, REX MAYS Special breezes into Free Wheeling, to whiz down the straightaway . . . at up to 15 miles per hour. And talk about unusual features! . . . Count 'em! (1) Colorful, two-tone chip-proof finish. (2) Streamlined molded plastic construction that's virtually unbreakable. (3) Custom-built, live, resilient rubber tires. (4) Precision-machined wheels with realistic looking break drums. (5) Off-set cockpit, flared head-piece and steering wheel that actually turns. These as well as other outstanding features make the REX MAYS Racer the best car value of the year. Send for your REX MAYS Racer today on our 10 day Money Back guarantee and see for yourself.

FORM YOUR OWN RACING CLUB!

It's easy! It's fun! Run your own speed races right in your neighborhood. We help you by offering reduced prices on quantity orders. Just get several of your friends together to join you in ordering the REX MAYS racer on our Club Plan. Get parents or friends or the club itself to put up prizes—have loads of fun! On our club plan you can order 3 REX MAYS Racers for only $6.75 ($2.25 each) or 6 Racers for only $11.95 ($1.99 each). Just mail your club orders for REX MAYS Racers on the handy coupon. If you enclose remittance with your order we prepay shipping charges.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon To Get Your Racer!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2801
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Gentlemen: ☐ Send me the REX MAYS Racer as described. I will pay the postman, on arrival only $2.49 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that I must be fully satisfied in every way or I can return my Racer within 10 days for refund.

NOTE: If you want to order more than one Racer to take advantage of our Club Plan offer check the following:

☐ 3 Racers for $6.75 ☐ 6 Racers for $11.95

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

☐ To save C.O.D. and shipping charges I am enclosing remittance in advance for full amount of the above order.

Animal Fables, November-December, 1947 — Volume 1, No. 7. Published Bi-Monthly by Fables Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter July 16, 1946 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c plus 15c for packing and mailing — Total 75c—elsewhere $1.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1947 by M. C. Gaines. Printed in U. S. A.

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FREDDY FIREFLY VERSUS ATOMIC BUG!

CRACK!

BUGTOWN TREASURY BLDG.

WHEN MEEK FREDDY SAYS THE MAGIC WORDS, TAKE FIRE, HE BECOMES THE MIGHTY METEOR OF FLAME - FIREFLY! BUT NOT EVEN FIREFLY'S REMARKABLE POWERS CAN TURN BACK THE DEADLY ONSLAUGHT OF— ATOMIC BUG!

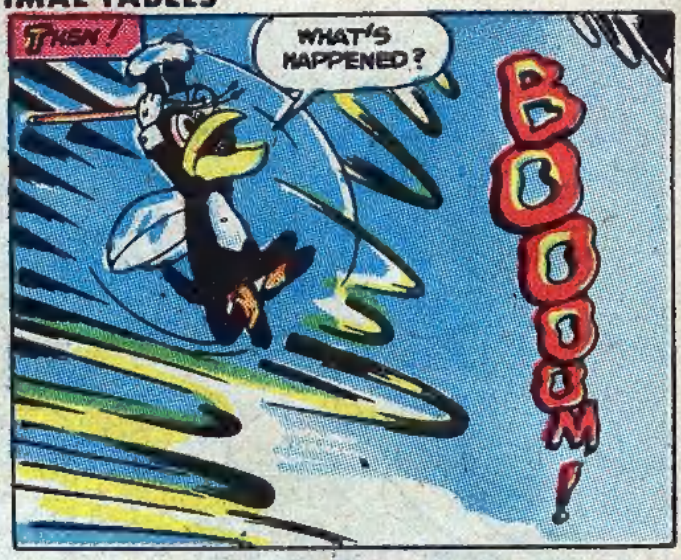
ONE DAY A CERTAIN EVIL CHARACTER WAS ESCORTED TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF BUGTOWN...

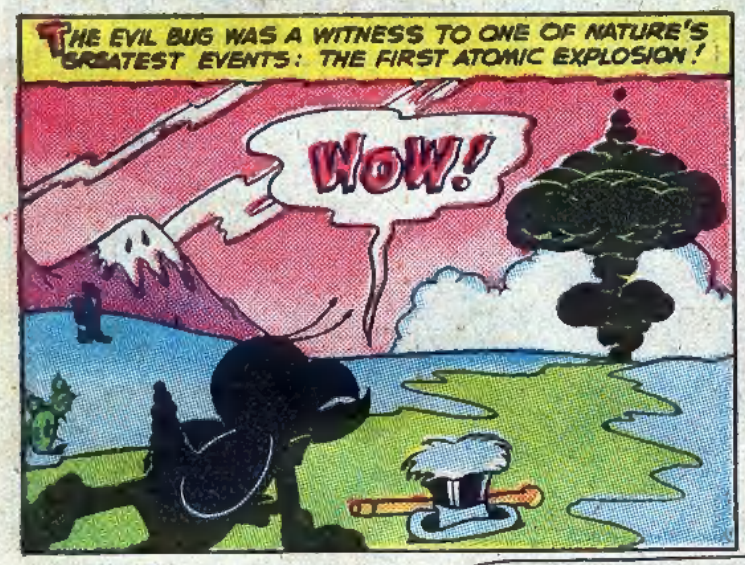
GO, AND NEVER RETURN!

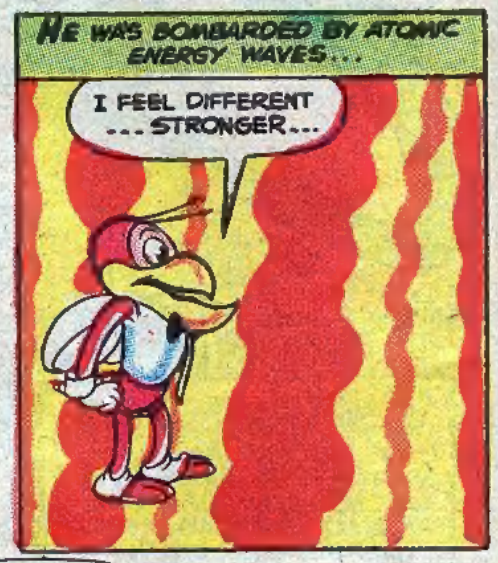
TO BUGTOWN

IF I EVER SEE YOU IN BUGTOWN AGAIN, I'LL SEND YOU TO JAIL FOR LIFE!

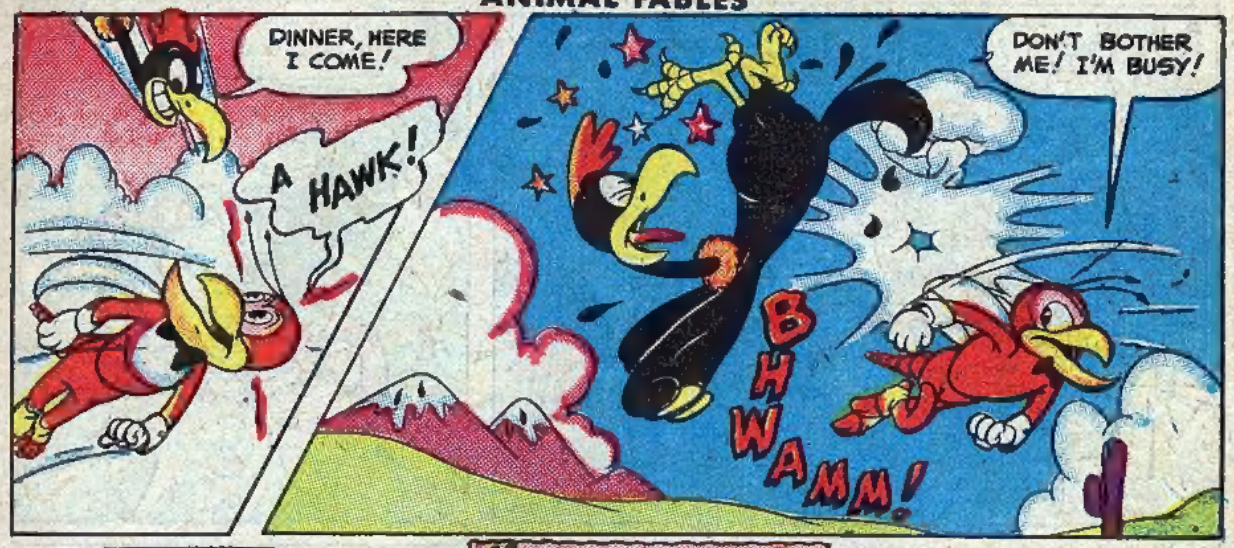
FAR AND FAST THE EVIL BLACK BUG TRAVELED, UNTIL HE REACHED THE DESERT COUNTRY—


THEN!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
BOOOOM!

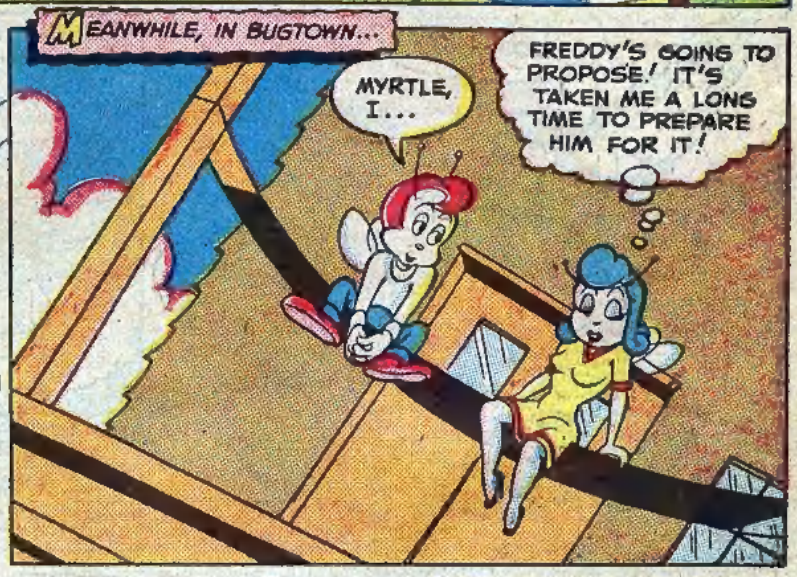

THE EVIL BUG WAS A WITNESS TO ONE OF NATURE'S GREATEST EVENTS: THE FIRST ATOMIC EXPLOSION!
WOW!


HE WAS BOMBARDED BY ATOMIC ENERGY WAVES...
I FEEL DIFFERENT ... STRONGER...

I'M FULL OF NEW STRENGTH! I CAN LICK ANYBODY IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
I'M GOING BACK TO BUGTOWN! FIREFLY NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON, AND I'M THE BUG WHO CAN DO IT!
A NICE, FAT, JUICY BUG! JUST IN TIME FOR MY DINNER, TOO!


DINNER, HERE I COME!
A HAWK!
DON'T BOTHER ME! I'M BUSY!
BHWAMM!

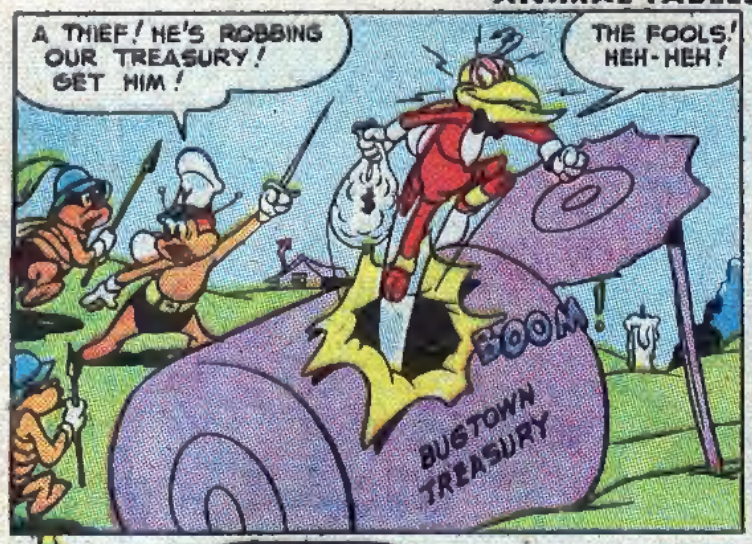
NOTHING CAN HURT ME! I'M THE STRONGEST BUG IN THE UNIVERSE!
THIS CAN'T HAPPEN! IT'S AGAINST ALL THE RULES!


MEANWHILE, IN BUGTOWN...
MYRTLE, I...
FREDDY'S GOING TO PROPOSE! IT'S TAKEN ME A LONG TIME TO PREPARE HIM FOR IT!

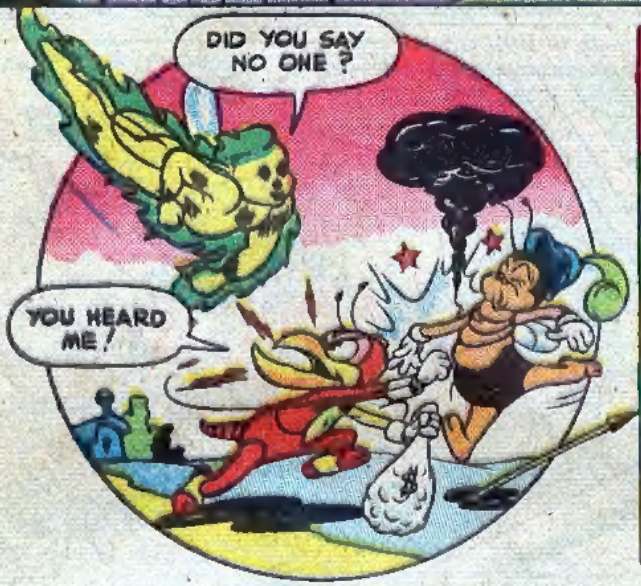
MYRTLE DEAR, UH...THAT IS...
YES, FREDDY?
BOOOOOM!

GOODNESS! WHAT'S THAT?
A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION! FROM THE BUSTOWN TREASURY! TAKE FIRE!

THE MAGIC WORDS CHANGE FREDDY INTO MIGHTY FIREFLY!
I HOPE NO ONE WAS HURT!


A THIEF! HE'S ROBBING OUR TREASURY! GET HIM!
THE FOOLS! HEH-HEH!
BOOM!
BUSTOWN TREASURY

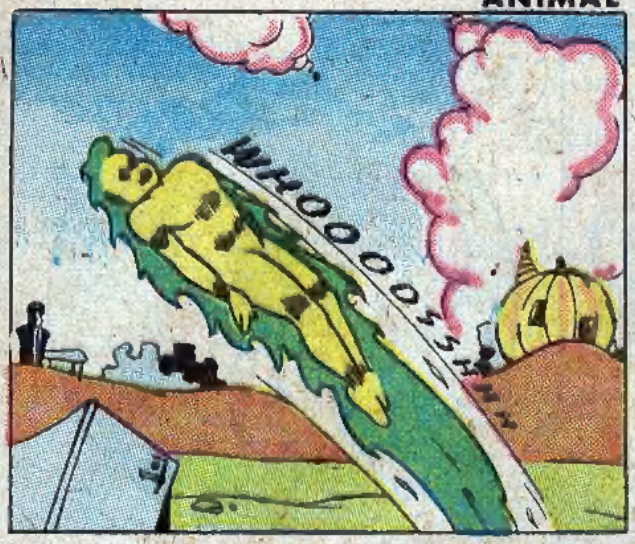
NO ONE CAN STAND UP AGAINST ME!
BHWAMM!

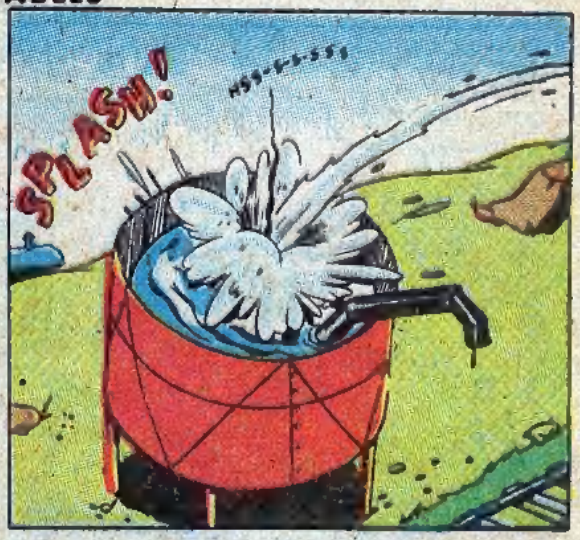

DID YOU SAY NO ONE?
YOU HEARD ME!

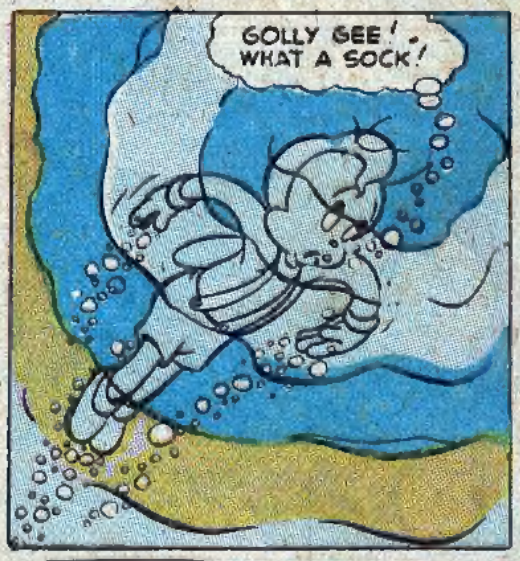
I'LL MAKE YOU EAT THOSE WORDS!
IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?
SOCK!

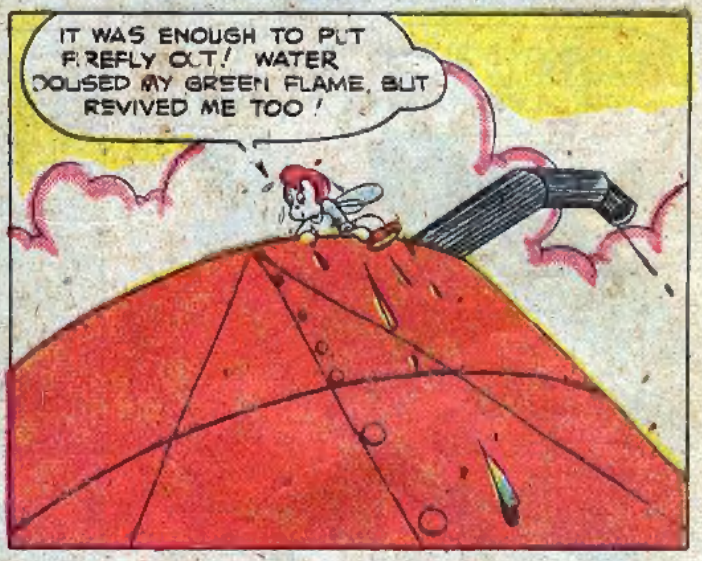
NOW I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO! HERE'S A SAMPLE OF ATOMIC BUG'S POWER!

CRASSHHH!


WHOOOOOSSH

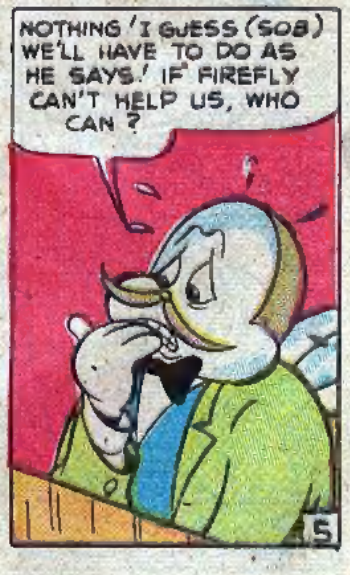

SPLASH!
HSS-S-S-SSS

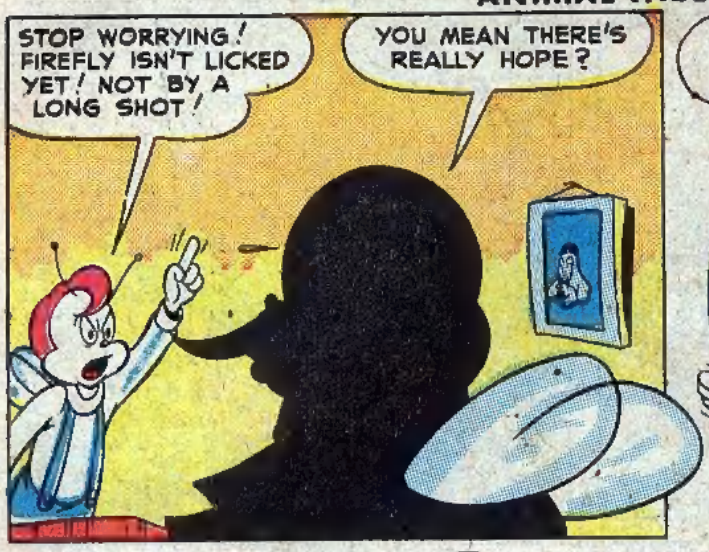

GOLLY GEE! WHAT A SOCK!


IT WAS ENOUGH TO PUT FIREFLY OUT! WATER DOUSED MY GREEN FLAME, BUT REVIVED ME TOO!

I'M WORRIED! IF FIREFLY CAN'T STOP THAT ATOMIC BUS, WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO BUGTOWN?

LATER, IN THE BUGTOWN MAYOR'S OFFICE
IT'S AN OUTRAGE! ATOMIC BUG DEMANDS THAT I RESIGN AS MAYOR! HE WANTS TO BECOME A DICTATOR!
WHAT CAN WE DO?


NOTHING! I GUESS (SOB) WE'LL HAVE TO DO AS HE SAYS! IF FIREFLY CAN'T HELP US, WHO CAN?


STOP WORRYING! FIREFLY ISN'T LICKED YET! NOT BY A LONG SHOT!
YOU MEAN THERE'S REALLY HOPE?

JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!
HOORAY FOR FREDDY FIREFLY!

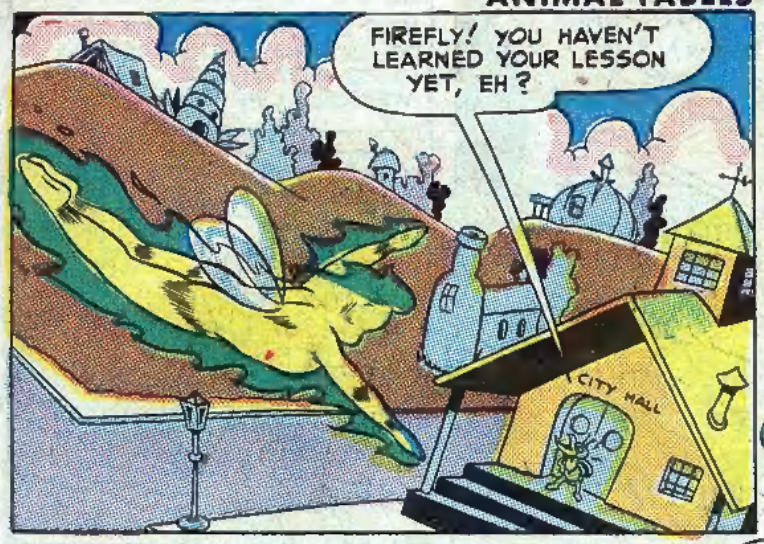
OH, FREDDY, YOU WERE WONDERFUL! WHAT'S YOUR PLAN OF ACTION?
I WISH I KNEW!

I WAS JUST TALKING TO KEEP UP THEIR SPIRITS! WHEN ATOMIC BUG ARRIVES, I'LL TRY MY BEST TO DEFEAT HIM!
OH, DEAR! YOUR BEST WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH LAST TIME! IT MAY NOT BE THIS TIME, EITHER!

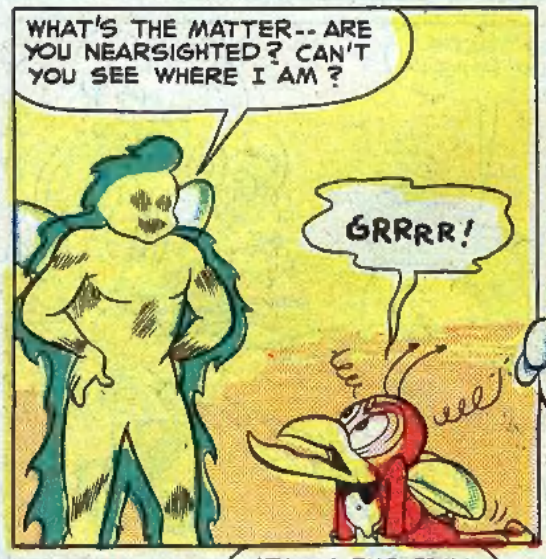
NEXT DAY IN BUGTOWN LIBRARY....
HMM! "ATOMIC POWER CREATES RADIO-ACTIVITY, BUT THE EFFECTS WEAR OFF IN TIME"....

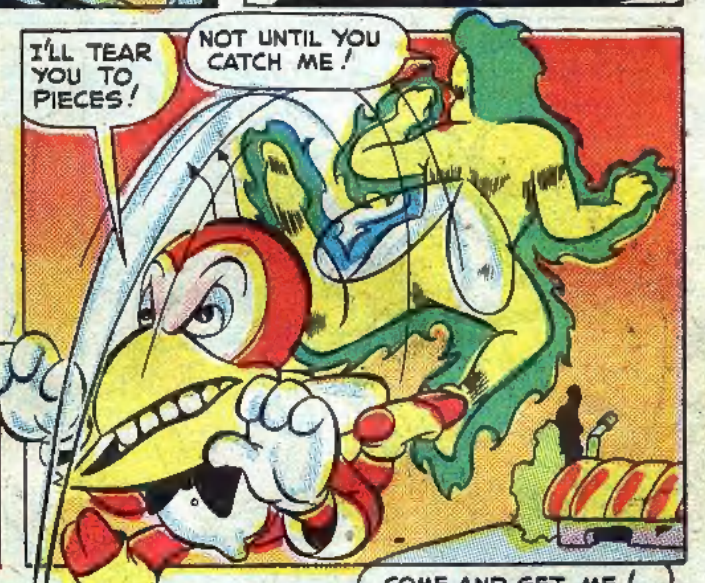
THAT'S THE ANSWER! NOW I KNOW HOW TO BATTLE ATOMIC BUG! I'LL STALL HIM UNTIL HIS POWER WEARS OUT....

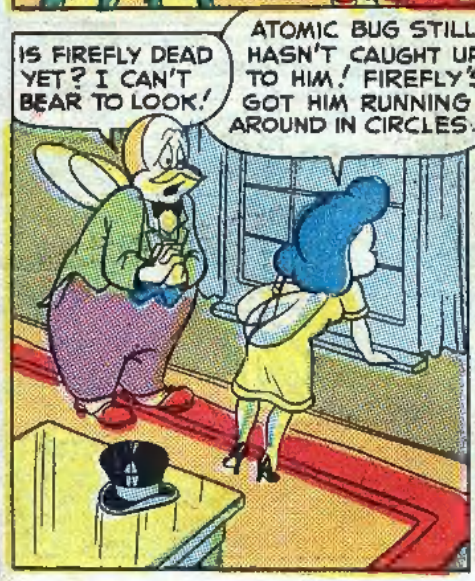
HERE HE COMES NOW ...TAKE FIRE!
BUGTOWN LIBRARY


FIREFLY! YOU HAVEN'T LEARNED YOUR LESSON YET, EH?
CITY HALL

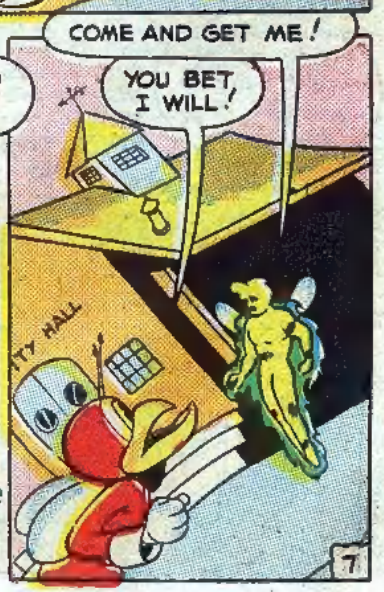
I'LL FINISH YOU!
SWISH!


WHAT'S THE MATTER-- ARE YOU NEARSIGHTED? CAN'T YOU SEE WHERE I AM?
GRRRR!


I'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!
NOT UNTIL YOU CATCH ME!


IS FIREFLY DEAD YET? I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!
ATOMIC BUG STILL HASN'T CAUGHT UP TO HIM! FIREFLY'S GOT HIM RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES!

GASP! PANT! STAND STILL AND FIGHT!

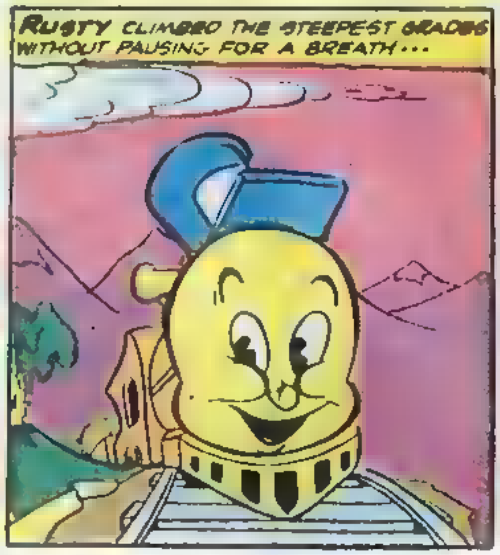

COME AND GET ME!
YOU BET I WILL!
TY HALL

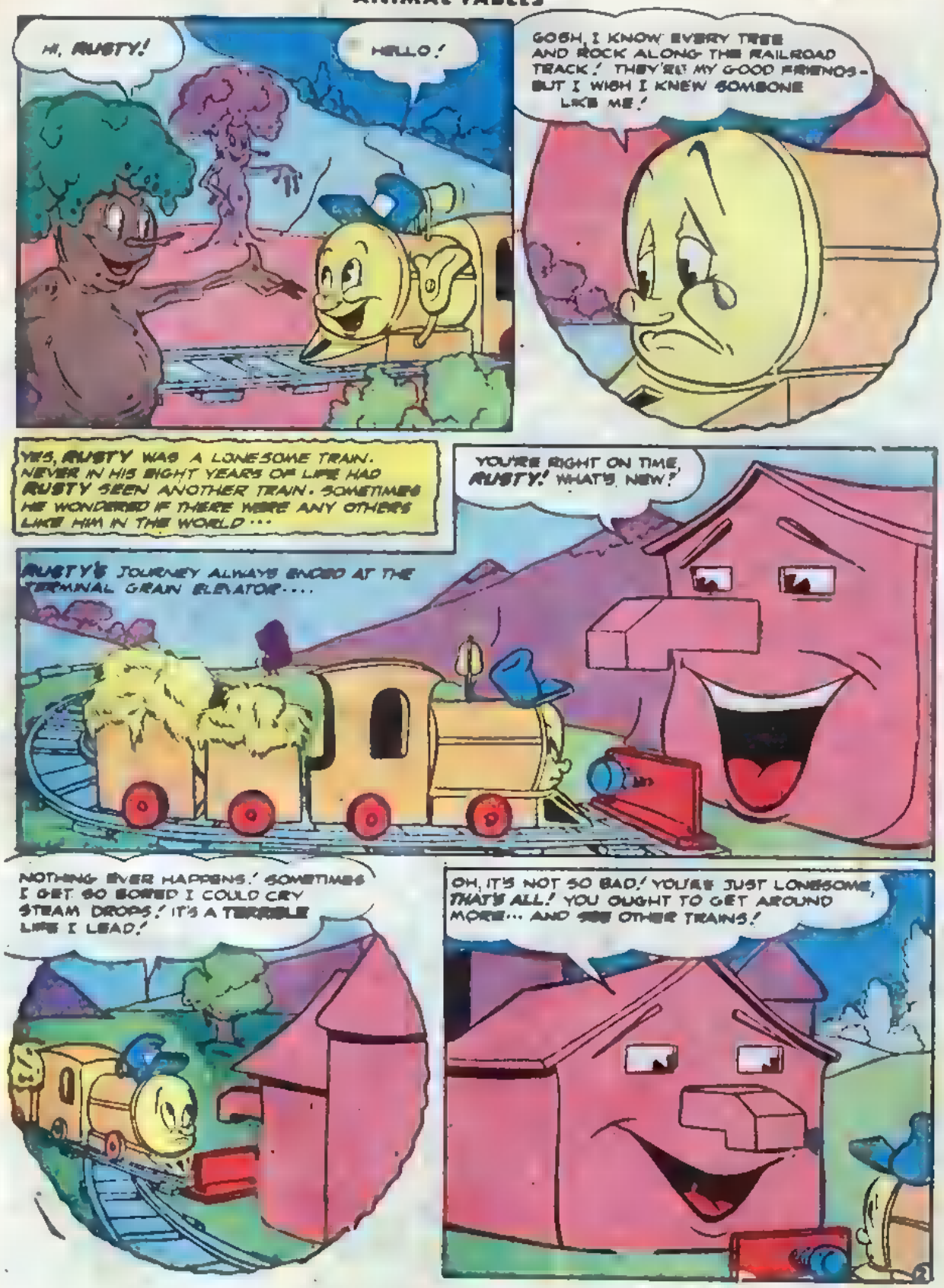
I'M GETTING TIRED! BUT I'LL USE MY RESERVE STRENGTH TO SMASH HIM TO BITS!
TSK-TSK! MISSED AGAIN!
BAWHAM
HE'S LOSING THAT RED COLOR! THAT MEANS HIS RADIO-ACTIVITY IS WEARING OFF!
GASP! GROANNN!
NOW I'LL GO INTO ACTION!
OOOOOF!
AND THAT'S YOUR FINISH!
SOCK!
I FEEL WEAK AGAIN! MY ENERGY IS ALL GONE!
YOU'RE NOT RADIO-ACTIVE ANY MORE! THE MAYOR WILL FIND A NICE COZY CELL FOR YOU IN THE BUSTOWN PRISON, WHERE YOU'LL NEVER TROUBLE ANYONE AGAIN!
LATER--
FREDDY, DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU WERE SAYING WHEN YOU WERE SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED? YOU WERE ABOUT TO ASK ME SOMETHING!
WAS I? I ...UH...DON'T EXACTLY REMEMBER!
The End

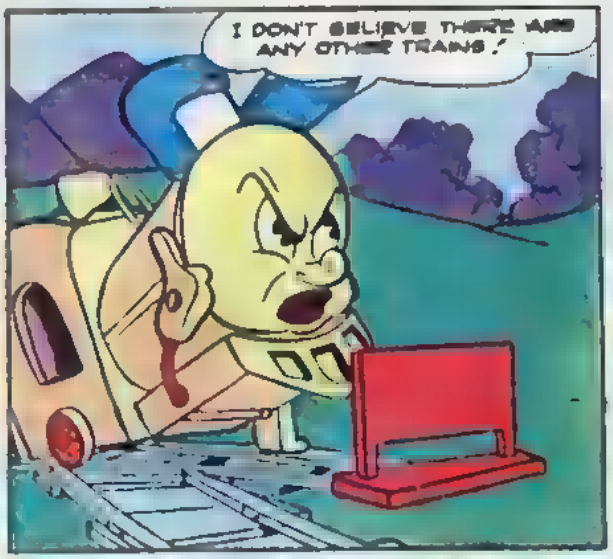
RUSTY the LONESOME TRAIN

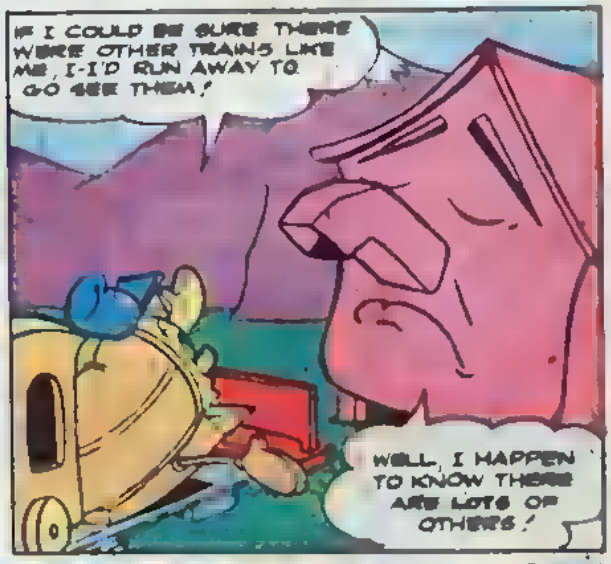
A modern fable

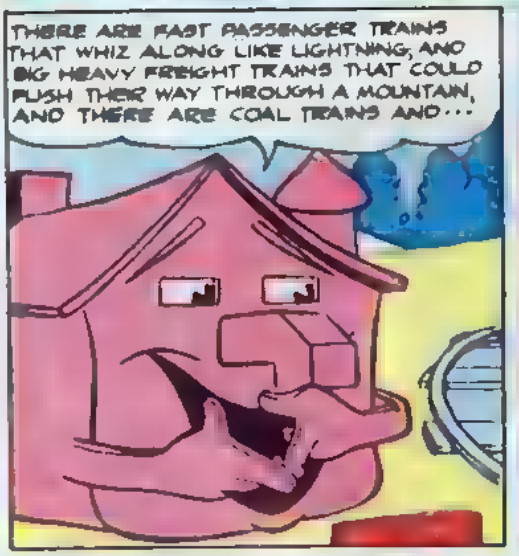
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A TRAIN NAMED RUSTY! YOU NEVER HEARD OF RUSTY. HE WAS NOT A BIG, STRONG FREIGHT TRAIN OR A SLEEK, SPEEDY STREAMLINER. RUSTY ONLY TRAVELED A THIRTY-MILE LENGTH OF TRACK BETWEEN A COUNTRY STORAGE ELEVATOR AND A TERMINAL ELEVATOR, CARRYING LOADS OF WHEAT ON THE FIRST LAP OF THEIR JOURNEY TO THE MARKET PLACE.

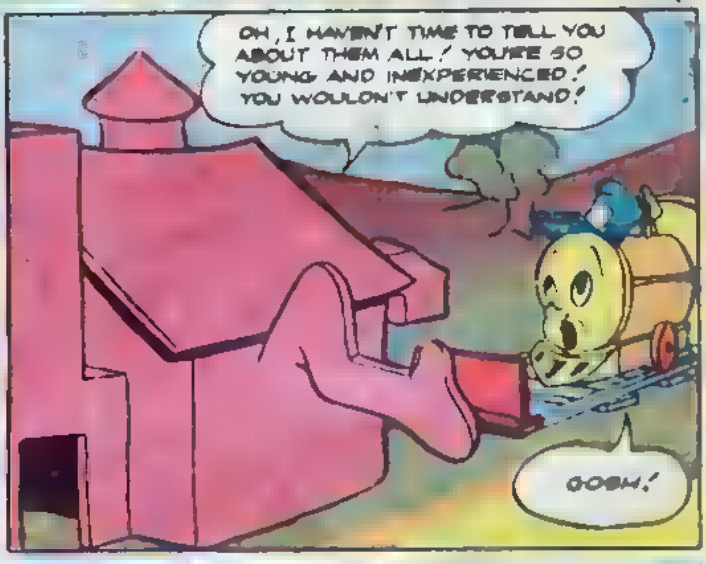


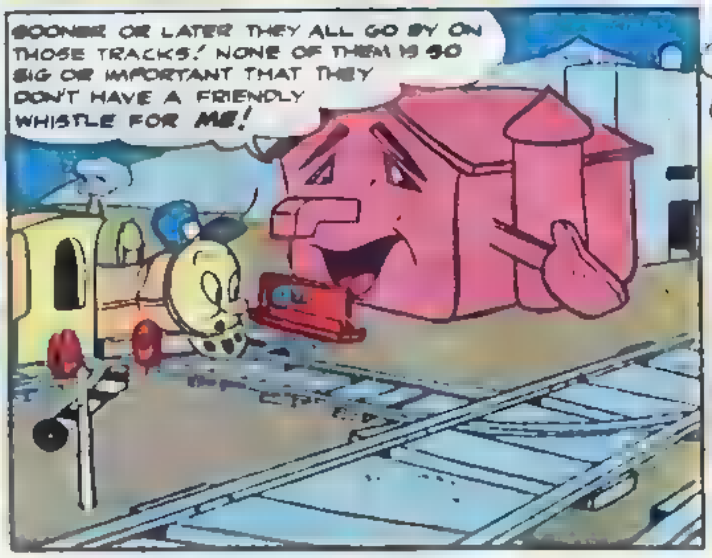

HI, RUSTY!
HELLO!
GOSH, I KNOW EVERY TREE AND ROCK ALONG THE RAILROAD TRACK! THEY'RE MY GOOD FRIENDS - BUT I WISH I KNEW SOMEONE LIKE ME!
YES, RUSTY WAS A LONESOME TRAIN. NEVER IN HIS EIGHT YEARS OF LIFE HAD RUSTY SEEN ANOTHER TRAIN. SOMETIMES HE WONDERED IF THERE WERE ANY OTHERS LIKE HIM IN THE WORLD...
YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME, RUSTY! WHAT'S NEW?
RUSTY'S JOURNEY ALWAYS ENDED AT THE TERMINAL GRAIN ELEVATOR....
NOTHING EVER HAPPENS! SOMETIMES I GET SO BORED I COULD CRY STEAM DROPS! IT'S A TERRIBLE LIFE I LEAD!
OH, IT'S NOT SO BAD! YOU'RE JUST LONESOME, THAT'S ALL! YOU OUGHT TO GET AROUND MORE... AND SEE OTHER TRAINS!

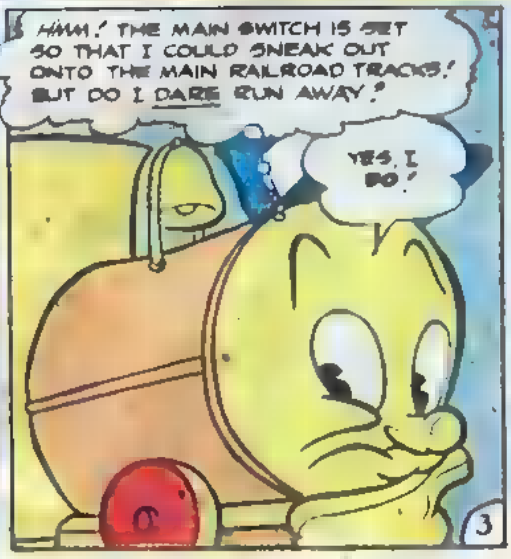

I DON'T BELIEVE THERE ARE ANY OTHER TRAINS!

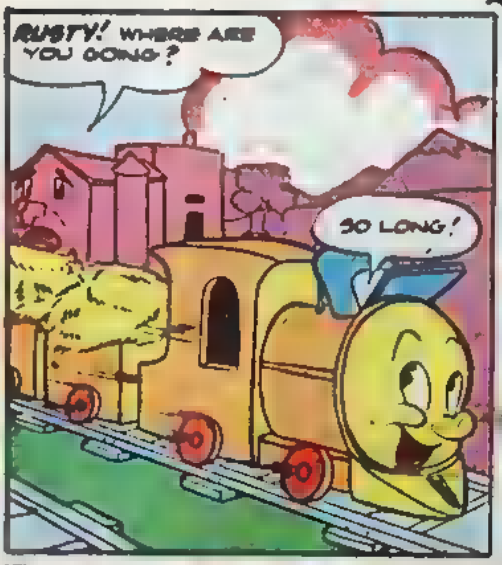

IF I COULD BE SURE THERE WERE OTHER TRAINS LIKE ME, I-I'D RUN AWAY TO GO SEE THEM!
WELL, I HAPPEN TO KNOW THERE ARE LOTS OF OTHERS!

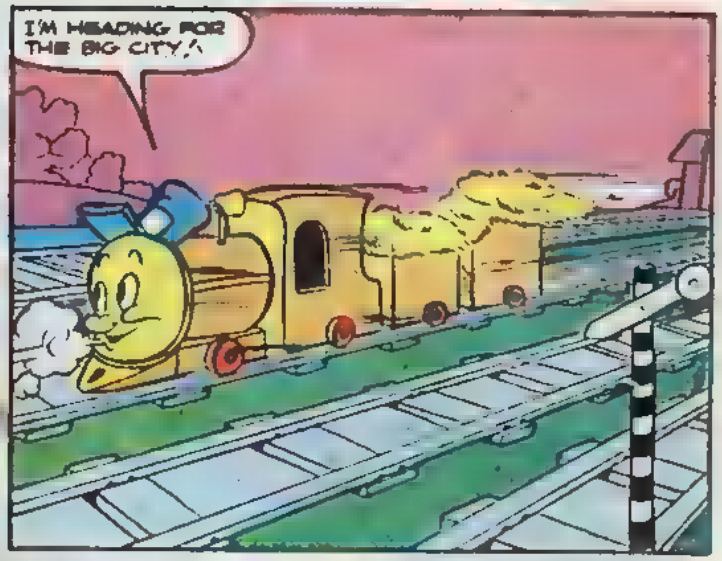

THERE ARE FAST PASSENGER TRAINS THAT WHIZ ALONG LIKE LIGHTNING, AND BIG HEAVY FREIGHT TRAINS THAT COULD PUSH THEIR WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN, AND THERE ARE COAL TRAINS AND...

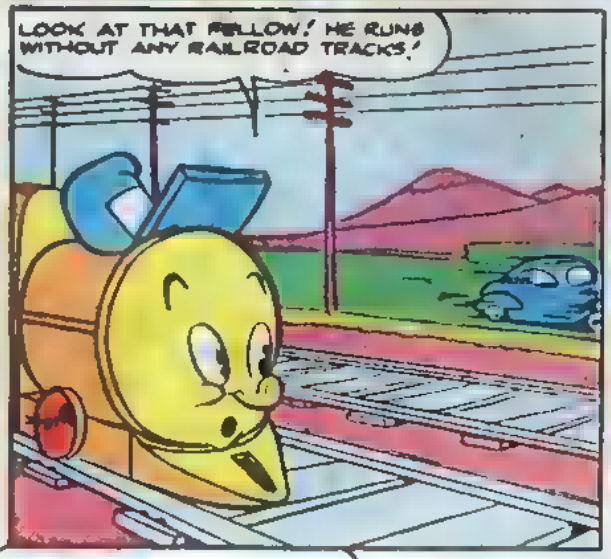

OH, I HAVEN'T TIME TO TELL YOU ABOUT THEM ALL! YOU'RE SO YOUNG AND INEXPERIENCED! YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!
GOSH!

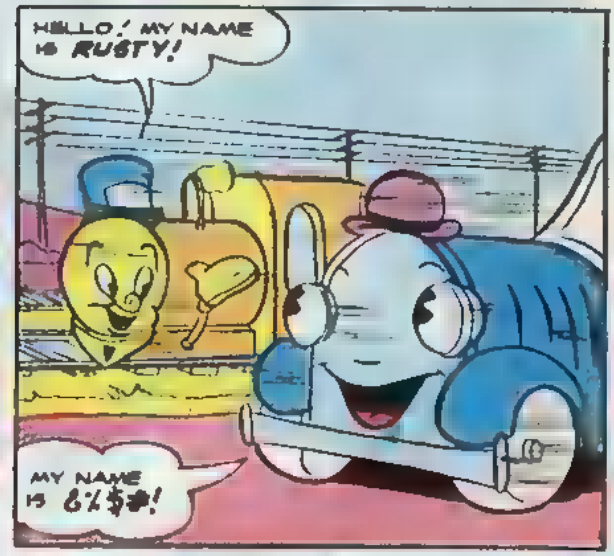

SOONER OR LATER THEY ALL GO BY ON THOSE TRACKS! NONE OF THEM IS SO BIG OR IMPORTANT THAT THEY DON'T HAVE A FRIENDLY WHISTLE FOR ME!

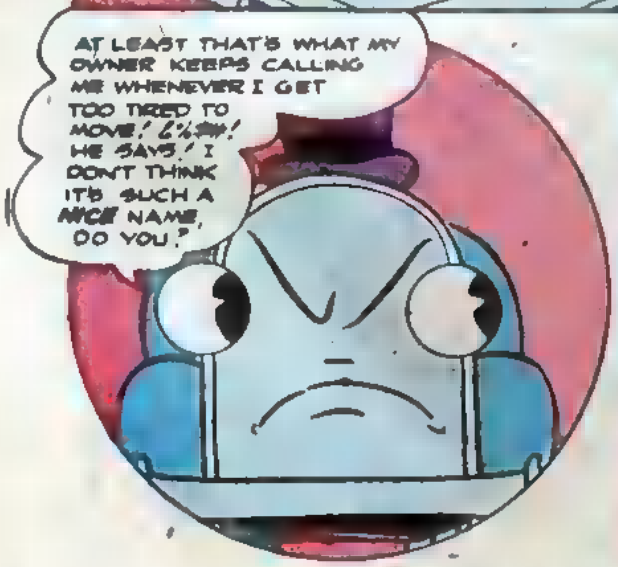

HMM! THE MAIN SWITCH IS SET SO THAT I COULD SNEAK OUT ONTO THE MAIN RAILROAD TRACKS! BUT DO I DARE RUN AWAY?
YES, I DO!

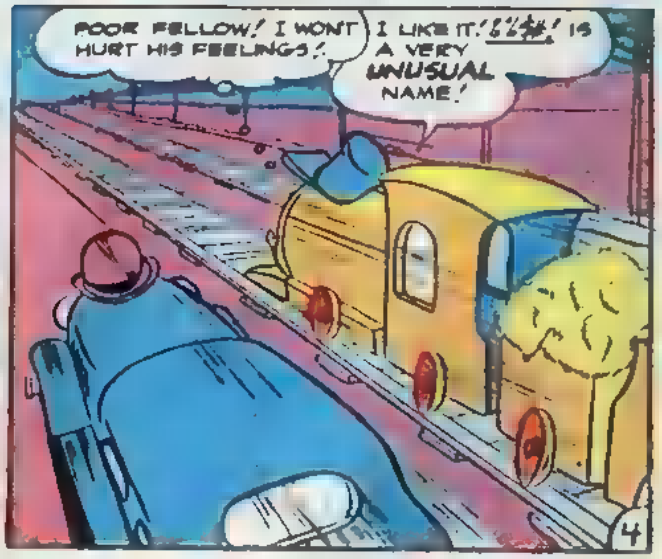

RUSTY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
SO LONG!

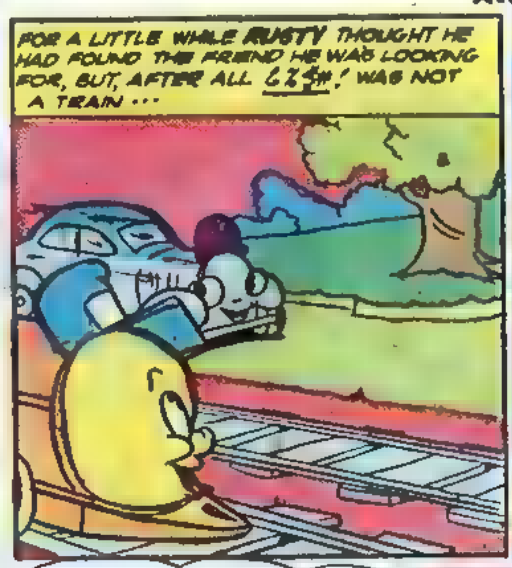

I'M HEADING FOR THE BIG CITY!


LOOK AT THAT FELLOW! HE RUNS WITHOUT ANY RAILROAD TRACKS!

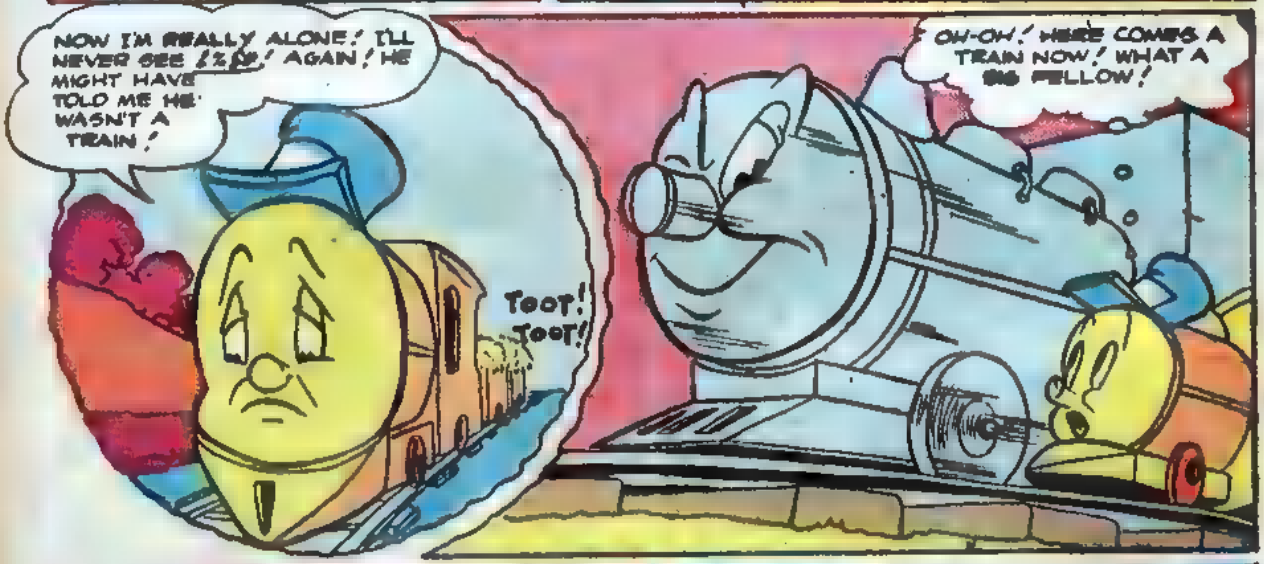

HELLO! MY NAME IS RUSTY!
MY NAME IS &%$#!

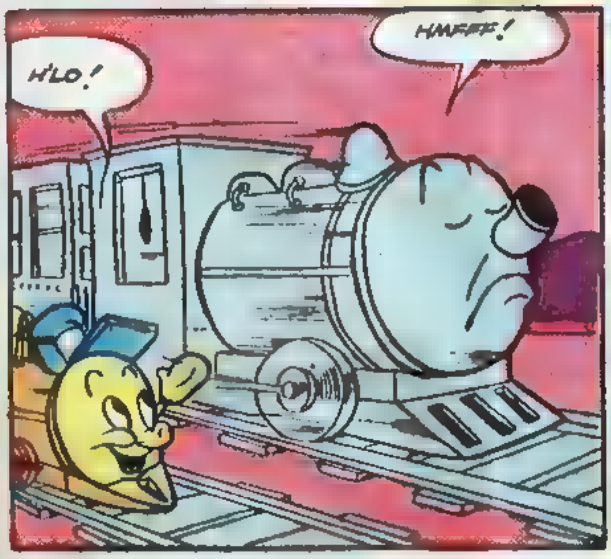

AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT MY OWNER KEEPS CALLING ME WHENEVER I GET TOO TIRED TO MOVE! &%$#! HE SAYS! I DON'T THINK IT'S SUCH A NICE NAME, DO YOU?


POOR FELLOW! I WONT HURT HIS FEELINGS!
I LIKE IT! &%$#! IS A VERY UNUSUAL NAME!

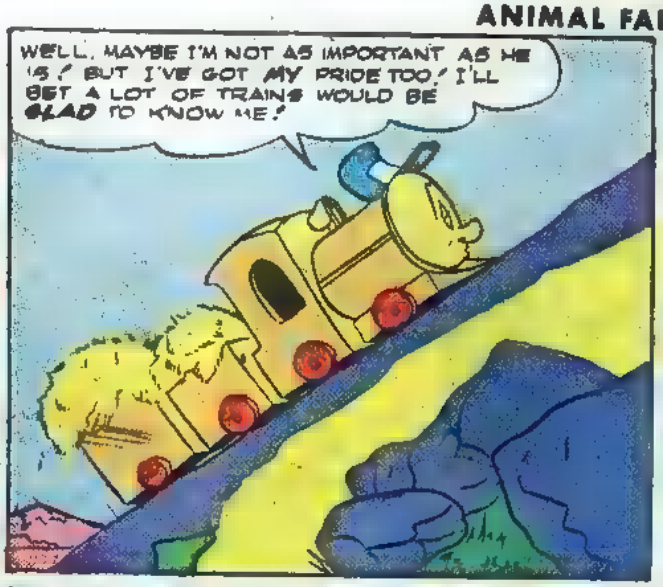

FOR A LITTLE WHILE RUSTY THOUGHT HE HAD FOUND THE FRIEND HE WAS LOOKING FOR, BUT, AFTER ALL ¿%$#! WAS NOT A TRAIN ...

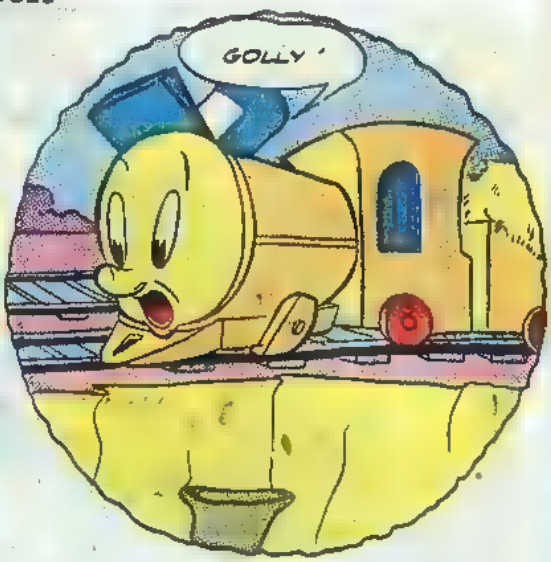
...AND SO THEY CAME TO THE PARTING OF THE WAYS!
GULP!

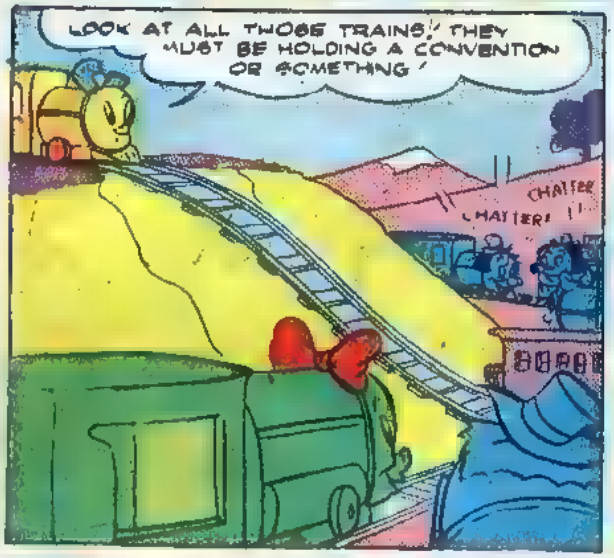

NOW I'M REALLY ALONE! I'LL NEVER SEE ¿%$! AGAIN! HE MIGHT HAVE TOLD ME HE WASN'T A TRAIN!
TOOT! TOOT!
OH-OH! HERE COMES A TRAIN NOW! WHAT A BIG FELLOW!

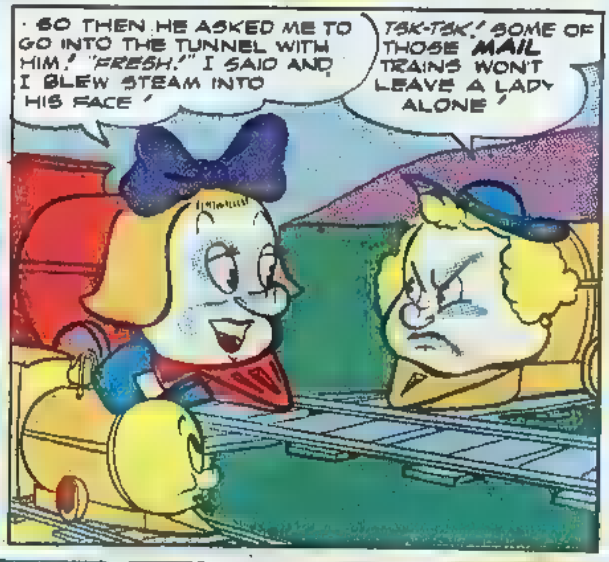

H'LO!
HMFFF!

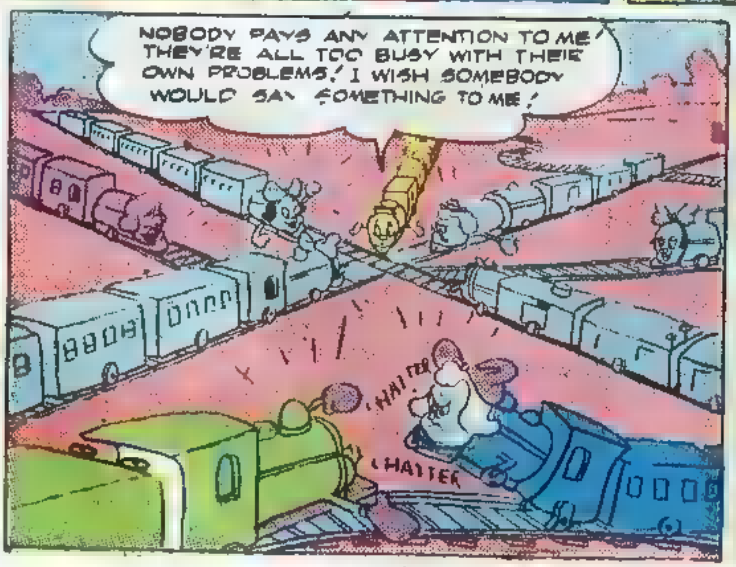
HE DIDN'T EVEN SPEAK TO ME! HE ACTED LIKE I WAS BENEATH HIM!


WELL, MAYBE I'M NOT AS IMPORTANT AS HE IS! BUT I'VE GOT MY PRIDE TOO! I'LL BET A LOT OF TRAINS WOULD BE GLAD TO KNOW ME!

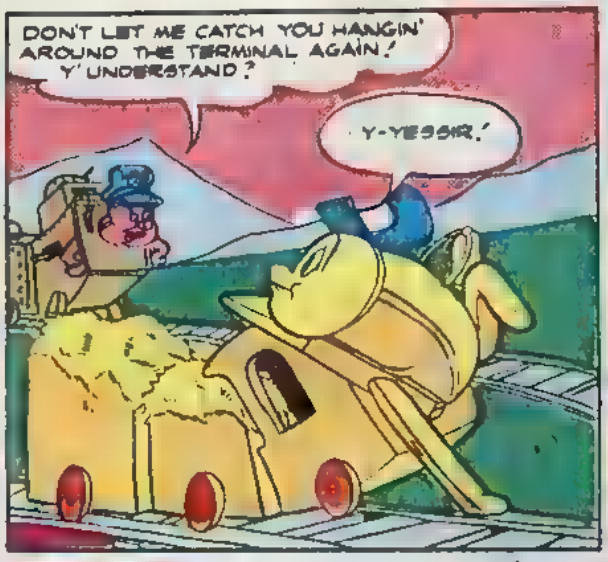

GOLLY!

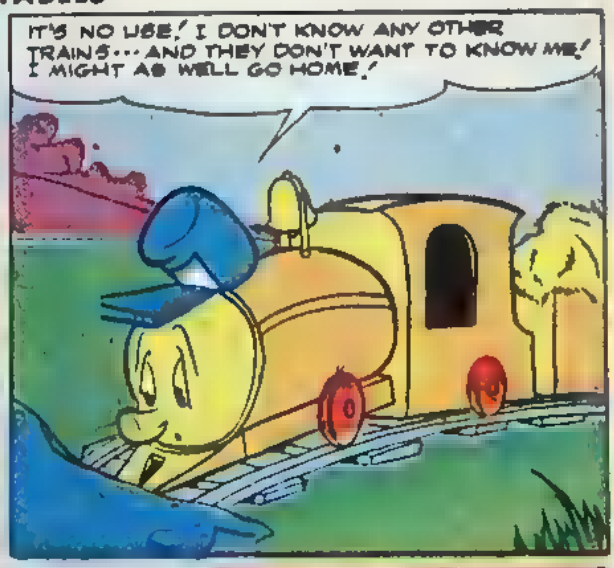

LOOK AT ALL THOSE TRAINS! THEY MUST BE HOLDING A CONVENTION OR SOMETHING!
CHATTER
CHATTER!

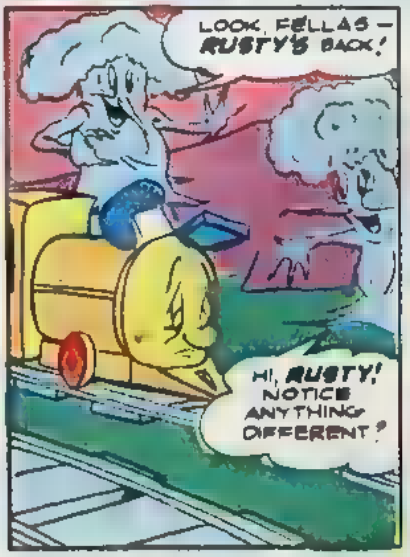

SO THEN HE ASKED ME TO GO INTO THE TUNNEL WITH HIM! "FRESH!" I SAID AND I BLEW STEAM INTO HIS FACE!
TSK-TSK! SOME OF THOSE MAIL TRAINS WON'T LEAVE A LADY ALONE!


NOBODY PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO ME! THEY'RE ALL TOO BUSY WITH THEIR OWN PROBLEMS! I WISH SOMEBODY WOULD SAY SOMETHING TO ME!
CHATTER
CHATTER

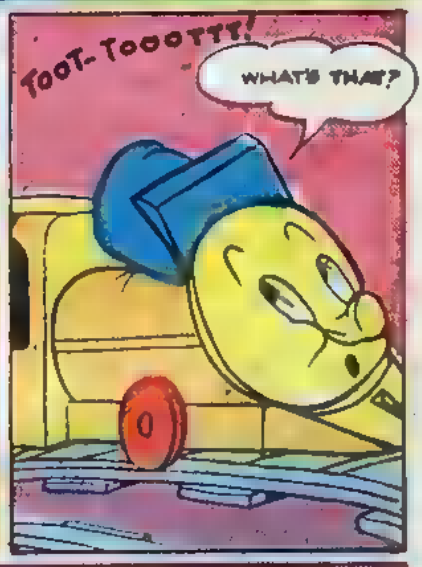
WATCHA DOIN' HERE, KID? GWAN! BEAT IT!
JEEPERS! A POLICEMAN!


DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU HANGIN' AROUND THE TERMINAL AGAIN! Y' UNDERSTAND?
Y-YESSIR!

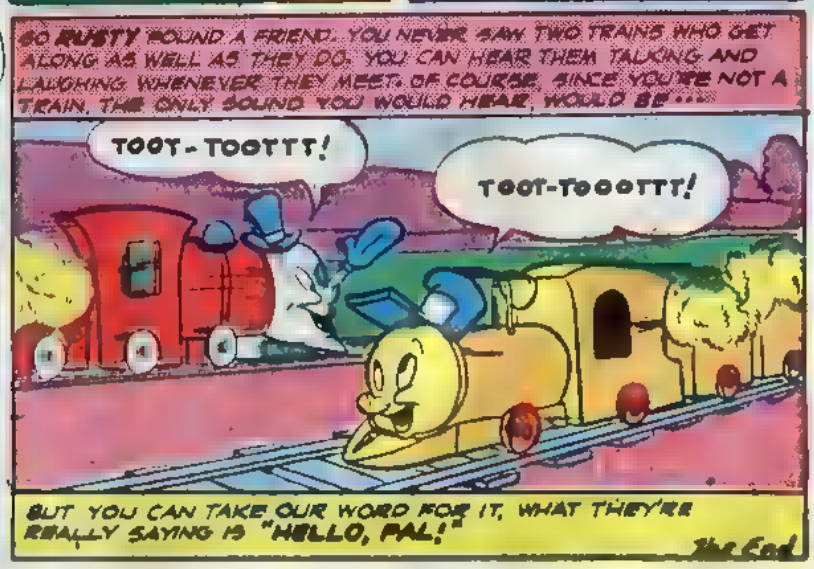

IT'S NO USE! I DON'T KNOW ANY OTHER TRAINS... AND THEY DON'T WANT TO KNOW ME! I MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME!


LOOK, FELLAS — RUSTY'S BACK!
HI, RUSTY! NOTICE ANYTHING DIFFERENT?

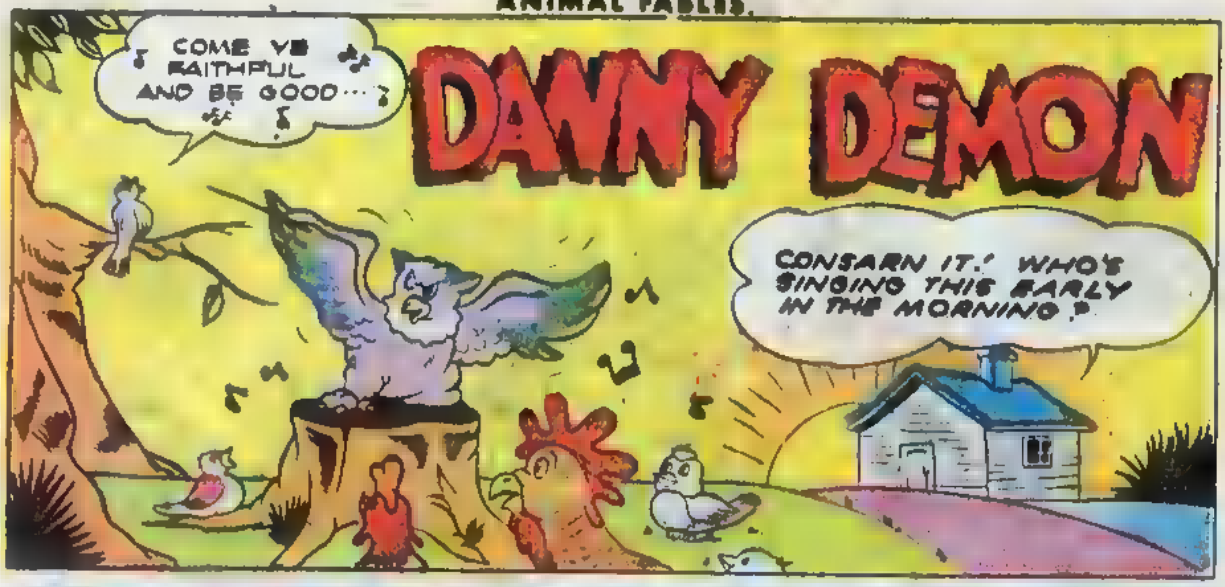
THERE WAS TOO MUCH WORK FOR ONE TRAIN, SO THEY LAID ANOTHER RAILROAD TRACK! AND THAT ISN'T ALL...


TOOT-TOOOTTT!
WHAT'S THAT?

THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYIN' TO TELL YOU! THEY PUT ANOTHER TRAIN ON THE JOB! SEEMS LIKE A NICE FELLA TOO! YOU'LL LIKE HIM!


SO RUSTY FOUND A FRIEND. YOU NEVER SAW TWO TRAINS WHO GET ALONG AS WELL AS THEY DO. YOU CAN HEAR THEM TALKING AND LAUGHING WHENEVER THEY MEET. OF COURSE, SINCE YOU'RE NOT A TRAIN, THE ONLY SOUND YOU WOULD HEAR, WOULD BE...
TOOT-TOOTTT!
TOOT-TOOOTTT!
BUT YOU CAN TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT, WHAT THEY'RE REALLY SAYING IS "HELLO, PAL!"
The End

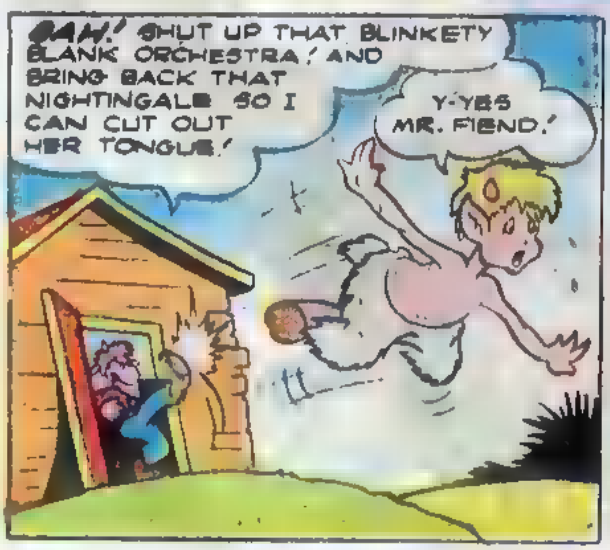
DAWNY DEMON


COME YE FAITHFUL AND BE GOOD...
CONSARN IT.! WHO'S SINGING THIS EARLY IN THE MORNING?

A POOR FIEND CAN'T GET A WINK OF SLEEP ANYMORE!
WH-WHAT'S WRONG, MR. FIEND?
YAWN!

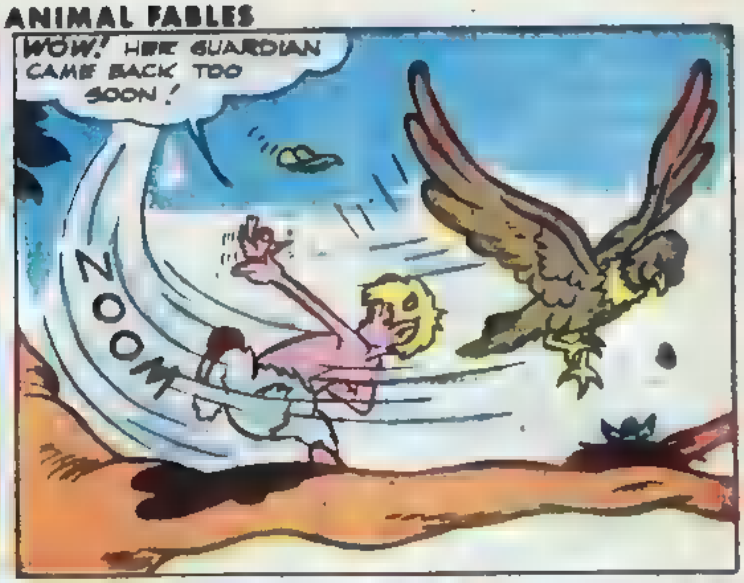
IT'S MR. OWL AND THAT TRAVELIN' ORCHESTRA OF HIS,! ALWAYS GOIN' AROUND SINGING HYMNS AND TRYING TO MAKE PEOPLE BE GOOD..
IS THAT BAD?

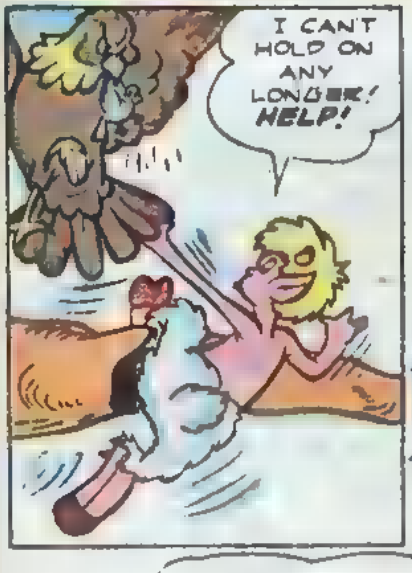
'COURSE IT'S BAD TO BE GOOD,! IT'S AWFUL,! IF EVERYBODY WAS GOOD, US FIENDS WOULD BE RUN OUTA BUSINESS!
ULP,! THAT'D BE GOOD..! I MEAN... UH... BAD!.. 'SN'T IT??


GAH,! SHUT UP THAT BLINKETY BLANK ORCHESTRA,! AND BRING BACK THAT NIGHTINGALE SO I CAN CUT OUT HER TONGUE!
Y-YES MR. FIEND,!

I'D RATHER BE GOOD, BUT MR. FIEND WANTS ME TO BE BAD,! I'D BETTER DO AS HE SAYS, OR HE'LL... OH-OH,! THERE'S THE NIGHTINGALE NOW!
OOED!

I'M AS BAD AS CAN BE!
YELP!

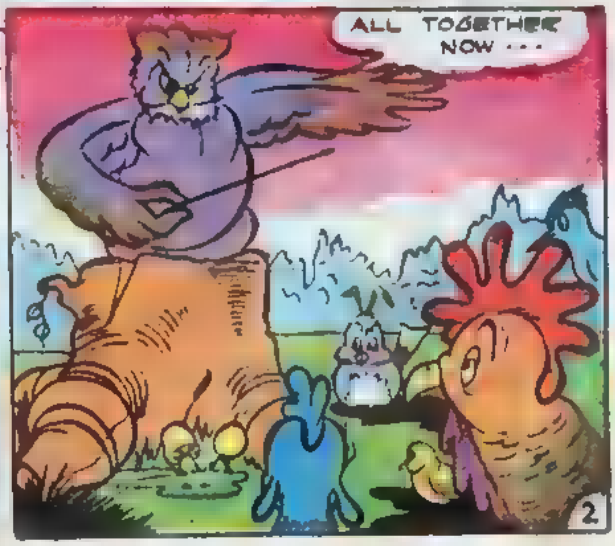

WOW! HER GUARDIAN CAME BACK TOO SOON!
ZOOM


I CAN'T HOLD ON ANY LONGER! HELP!

THUD

BEING BAD CERTAINLY HAS IT'S DRAWBACKS! YES SIR!

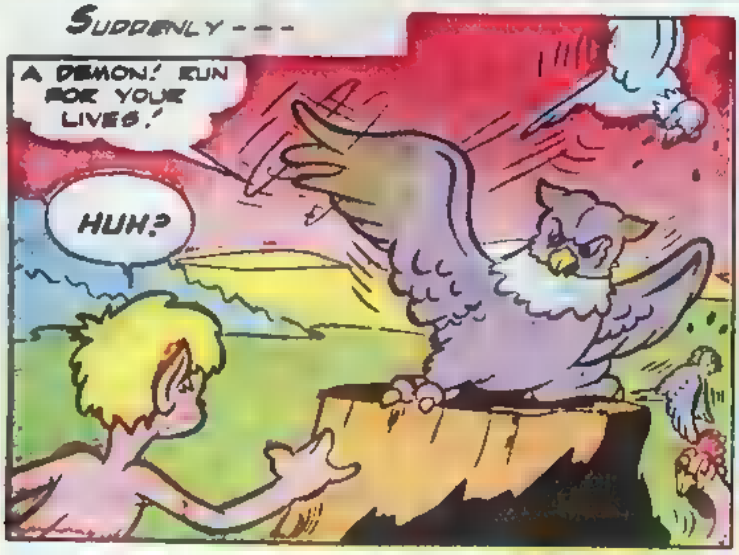
OH-OH! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? OH-I SEE! MR. OWL IS GONNA CONDUCT HIS TRAVELING ORCHESTRA!


ALL TOGETHER NOW ...

MORE PIZZICATO!.... ANDANTE! ANDANTE!

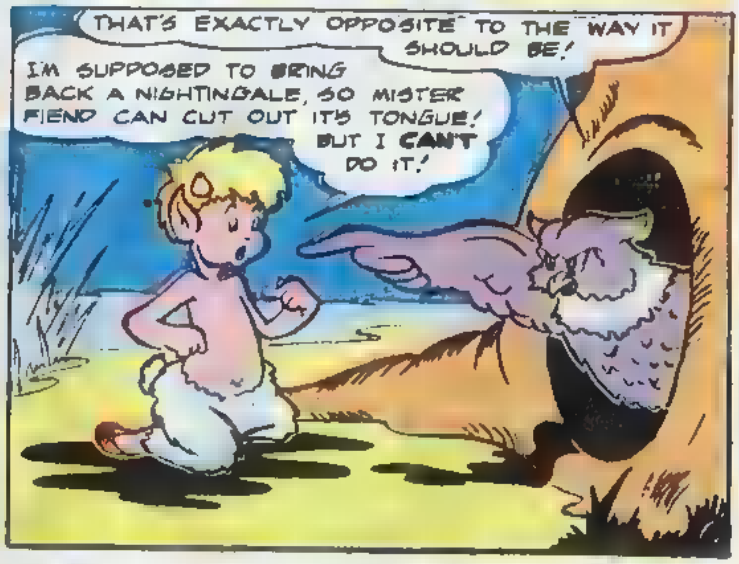
THAT'S YOUR CUE!

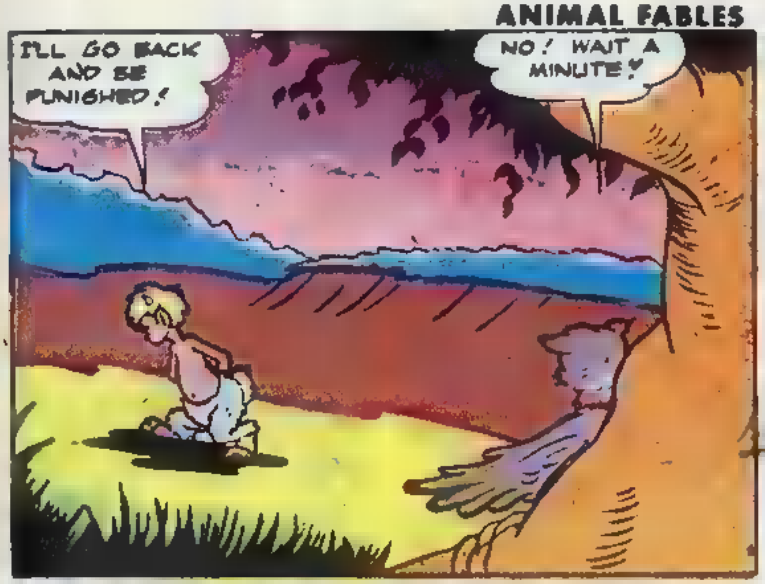
BOLLY! THAT NIGHTINGALE CERTAINLY CAN SING!


SUDDENLY - - -
A DEMON! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
HUH?

DON'T LET HIM CATCH YOU! DEMONS ARE BAD!

I'M NOT REALLY BAD! IT'S JUST THAT IF I TRY TO BE GOOD, I'LL BE PUNISHED!
YOU WILL? I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING!

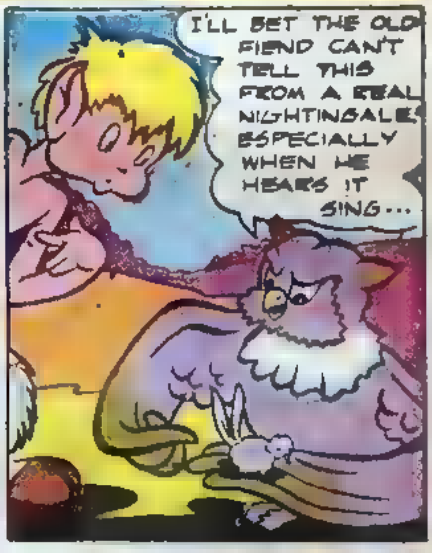

THAT'S EXACTLY OPPOSITE TO THE WAY IT SHOULD BE!
I'M SUPPOSED TO BRING BACK A NIGHTINGALE, SO MISTER FIEND CAN CUT OUT IT'S TONGUE! BUT I CAN'T DO IT!


I'LL GO BACK AND BE PUNISHED!
NO! WAIT A MINUTE!

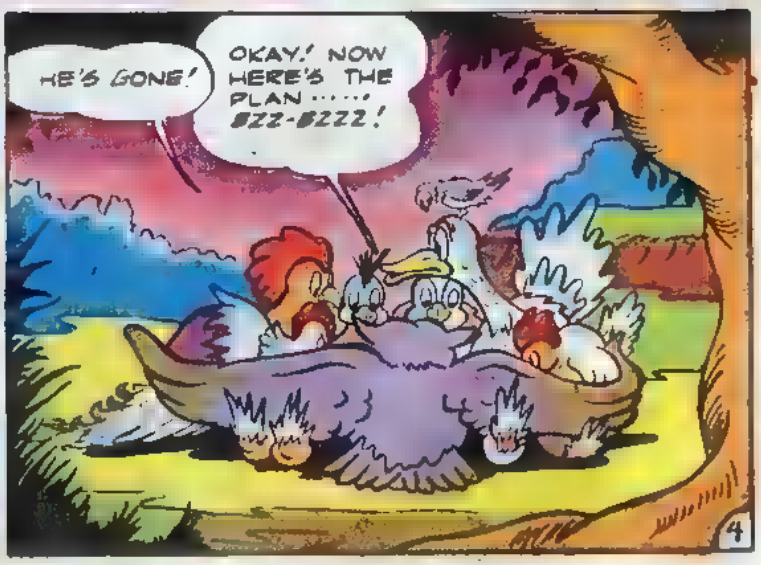
YOU'RE NOT A BAD SORT... FOR A DEMON! I'VE AN IDEA THAT MAY HELP YOU OUT OF THIS FIX! AND TEACH THAT FIEND A LESSON HE DESERVES!
GOLLY!

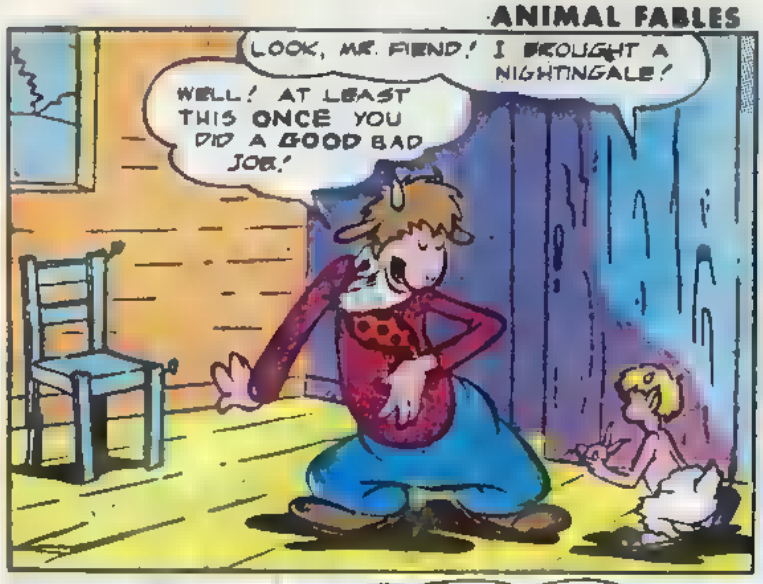
I'LL NEED SOME FEATHERS!
OUCH!

THEN I'LL MODEL THIS CLAY INTO THE SHAPE OF A BIRD!


I'LL BET THE OLD FIEND CAN'T TELL THIS FROM A REAL NIGHTINGALE, ESPECIALLY WHEN HE HEARS IT SING...

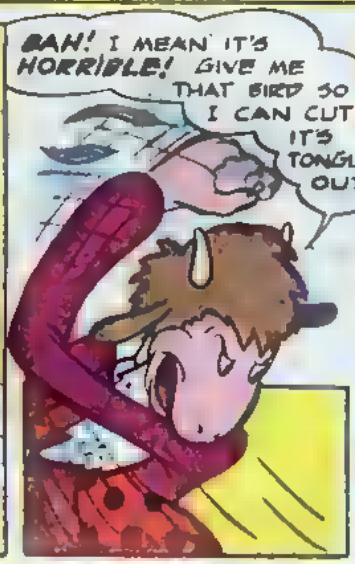
CAN IT SING TOO?
JUST LEAVE THAT TO ME! GO AHEAD YOUNG MAN! TAKE THAT MODEL BIRD BACK TO YOUR FIEND AND TELL HIM YOU CAUGHT IT!

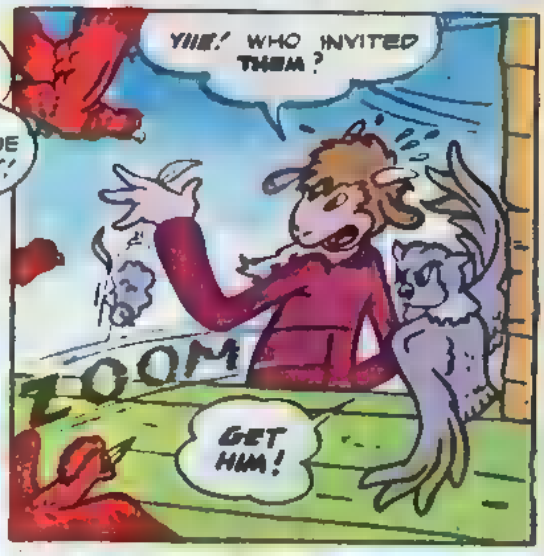

HE'S GONE!
OKAY! NOW HERE'S THE PLAN.....
BZZ-BZZZ!

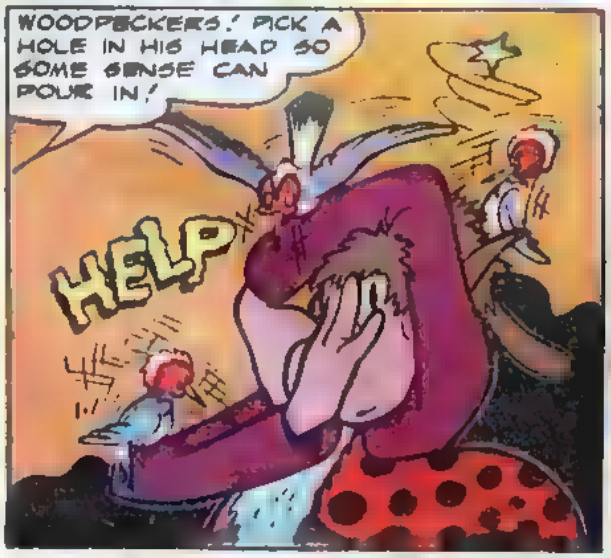

LOOK, MR. FIEND! I BROUGHT A NIGHTINGALE!
WELL! AT LEAST THIS ONCE YOU DID A GOOD BAD JOB!

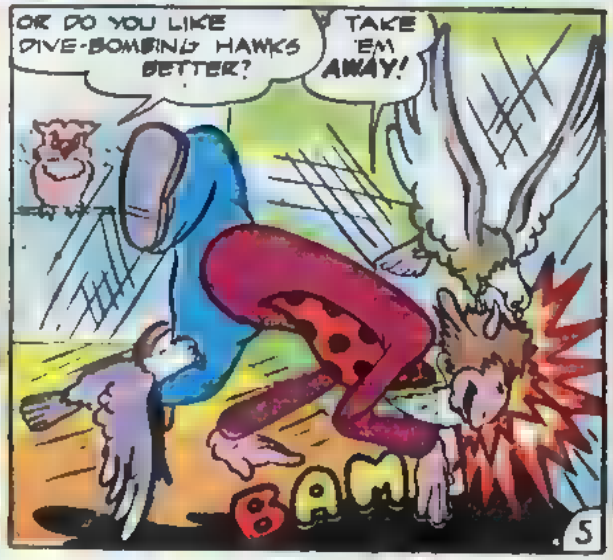
HMM! DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THERE'S MUCH LIFE IN HIM!

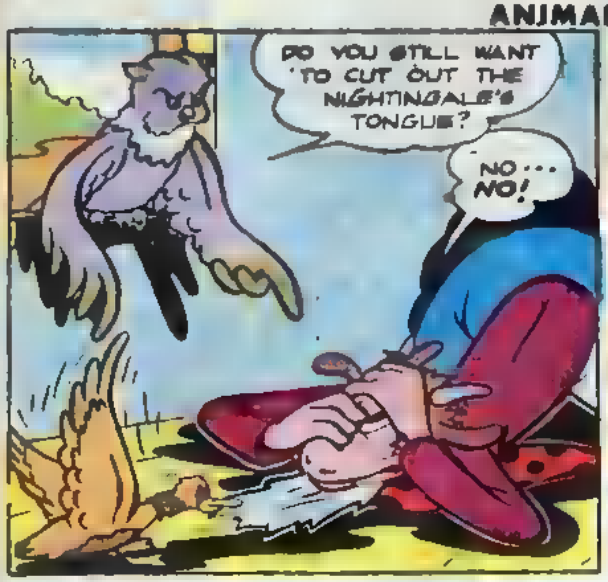
BUT I CAN HEAR HIM SINGING! BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT...

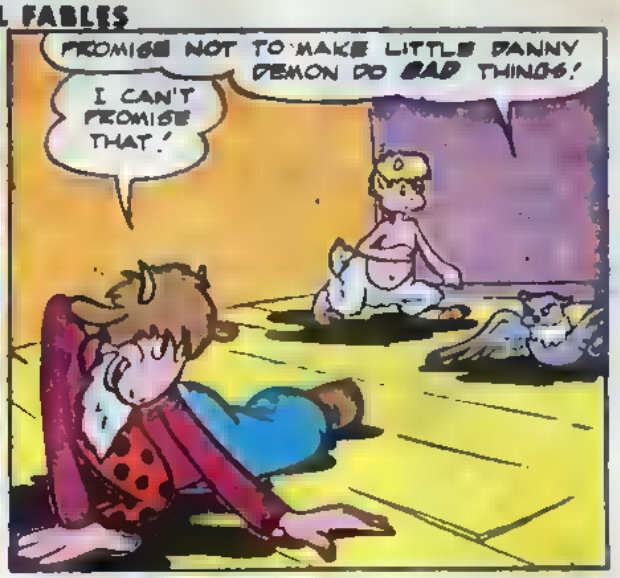

BAH! I MEAN IT'S HORRIBLE! GIVE ME THAT BIRD SO I CAN CUT IT'S TONGUE OUT!

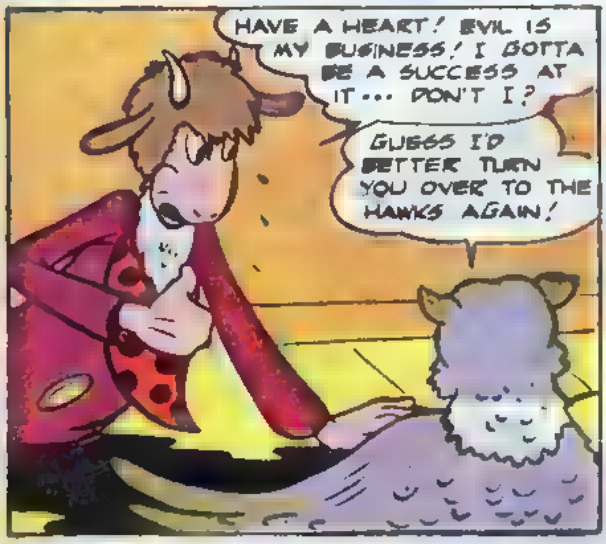

YIIE! WHO INVITED THEM?
ZOOM
GET HIM!

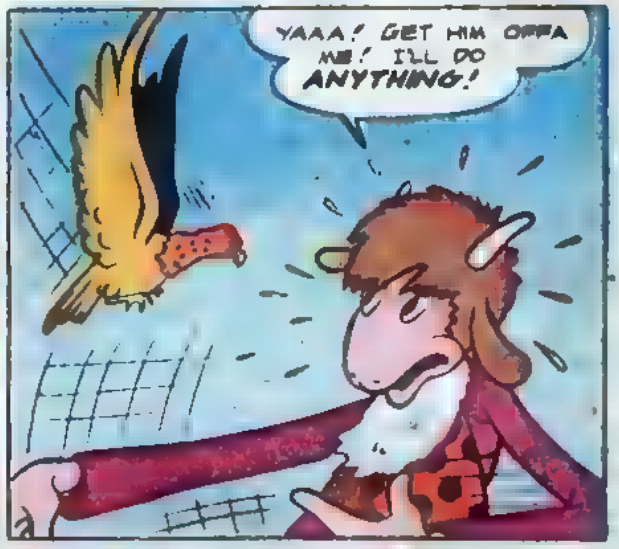

WOODPECKERS! PICK A HOLE IN HIS HEAD SO SOME SENSE CAN POUR IN!
HELP

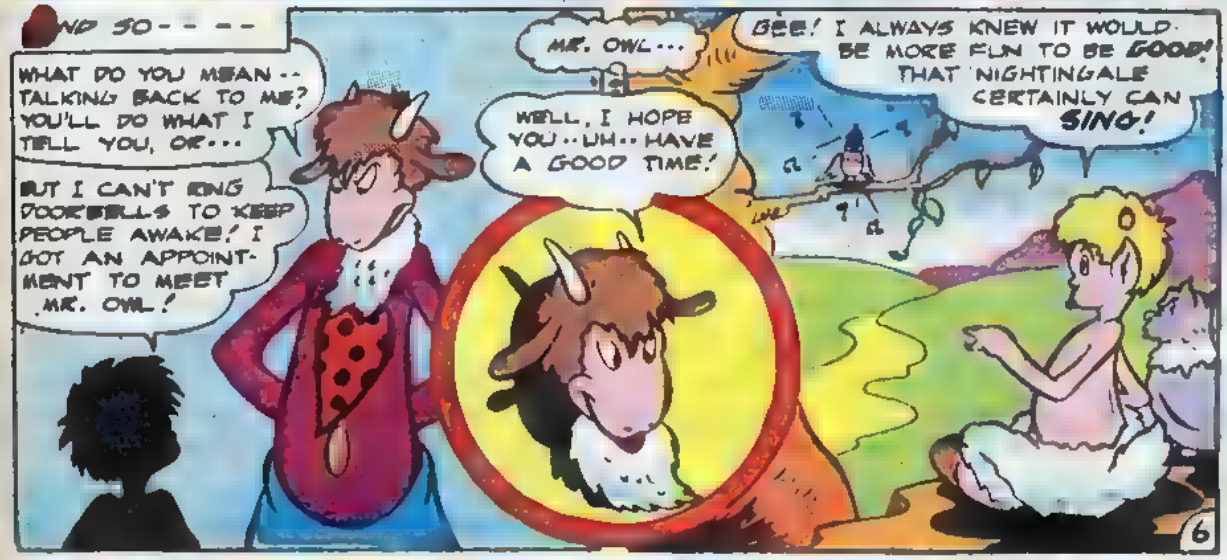

OR DO YOU LIKE DIVE-BOMBING HAWKS BETTER?
TAKE 'EM AWAY!
BAM


DO YOU STILL WANT TO CUT OUT THE NIGHTINGALE'S TONGUE?
NO... NO!


PROMISE NOT TO MAKE LITTLE DANNY DEMON DO BAD THINGS!
I CAN'T PROMISE THAT!


HAVE A HEART! EVIL IS MY BUSINESS! I GOTTA BE A SUCCESS AT IT... DON'T I?
GUESS I'D BETTER TURN YOU OVER TO THE HAWKS AGAIN!


YAAA! GET HIM OFFA ME! I'LL DO ANYTHING!


AND SO- - - - -
WHAT DO YOU MEAN-- TALKING BACK TO ME? YOU'LL DO WHAT I TELL YOU, OR...
BUT I CAN'T RING DOORBELLS TO KEEP PEOPLE AWAKE! I GOT AN APPOINTMENT TO MEET MR. OWL!
MR. OWL...
WELL, I HOPE YOU--UH--HAVE A GOOD TIME!
GEE! I ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD BE MORE FUN TO BE GOOD! THAT NIGHTINGALE CERTAINLY CAN SING!

THE BIG FIGHT!

"EIGHT-NINE-TEN! The win-nah and still champeen, *HUMPHREY HARE!*" The referee raised Humphrey's right arm high in the air, thus officially proclaiming Humphrey once more the heavyweight champion prizefighter of Midlands Meadow.

That right arm of Humphrey's was what did it, Walter Weasel thought, as he left the ringside with a worried look on his face. It was Humphrey's right which always wound up in the Super-Bolo punch that meant *"It's all over!"* to his opponents. Even now, Humphrey's victim lay on the canvas dead to the world. It would be at least three hours before he came to, and three days before the exhausted fighter would be able to walk around again. And what had done it, though Walter Weasel? Why, the *Super-Bolo Punch!*

Of course, Walter Weasel was not worried about the fighter that Humphrey Hare had just defeated. That guy meant nothing to *him*. What *did* concern Walter Weasel was the fact that next week Ernie Rabbit, Walter Weasel's own fighter, was scheduled to meet Humphrey Hare in a bout for the championship. And while Ernie Rabbit was nothing but a big, dumb, slow-witted character, still Walter Weasel was his manager . . . and there would be plenty of dough in it for them both if Ernie Rabbit could only beat Humphrey.

Outside the fight arena, Walter soon found Ernie Rabbit. Funny, thought Walter, Ernie didn't even seem nervous . . . and after seeing what Humphrey Hare had just done to that poor chump stretched out cold on the canvas!

"Hullo, Walter," said Ernie. "Good fight, wasn't it?"

Galloping onions! thought Walter. The big sap is too dumb to be scared!

"Look here, Ernie," Walter began, trying to keep his voice low and his temper calm. "Do you realize that you're fighting Humphrey next week?"

"Yup," said Ernie. "Lucky, ain't I?"

"Lucky?" shrieked Walter. Then he stopped and made another attempt to keep cool. Something had to be done about that fight next week, and getting excited wouldn't help a bit. "Listen, Ernie! You saw what happened to the guy that Humphrey fought, didn't you?"

"Yup!" said Ernie. "Turrible, wuzn't it? Tch, tch! Pore fellow!"

I've *got* to keep calm, Walter reminded himself. "Well, Ernie — if something isn't done about it, that's exactly what's going to happen to *you* next week!"

"Golly!" Ernie yelled. "I'll—I'll—I won't fight him, then, that's all!"

"You've *got* to fight him," said Walter. It's a championship bout, and there's a purse of $100 to the winner. You don't want to lose that chance at *$100* do you?"

"I don't mind, Walter," said Ernie, "just so that Humphrey doesn't knock my block off! I—I wanna go on livin'!"

"Well, there's only one way to do that," said Walter. "And that's to beat Humphrey before he can land his Super-Bolo punch!" But how're you going to do that? Hmmm, let me think now . ."

At that precise moment, a brilliant inspiration hit Walter.

"Listen," he almost shouted. "What keeps Humphrey going during a fight? What's made him champ and kept him on top?"

"Gorsh, ya got me," said Ernie, completely stupefied.

"Carrots!" yelled Walter. "He grows carrots in his own yard and brings a big pan of carrots to every fight. Then he eats them before every round. It's the carrots that make him win!"

"Golly," said Ernie. "Ya sure notice everythin', Walter."

"Now what we've got to do is get his pan of cooked carrots away from him the night before the fight! That's it! We've got to get hold of Humphrey Hare's carrots!"

THE MOON was a half-slice of lemon in the blue-black sky as Walter Weasel crept stealthily through the garden in the rear of Humphrey Hare's house. In his inside vest pocket was a small white package, containing a reddish powder — and on his face was a gleaming smile of anticipation.

As Walter neared the pantry door, a gleeful smile lit his face.

"A few more seconds, and I'll have Humphrey's pan of carrots! It oughta be right inside that pantry door."

Walter stepped forward a few paces, feeling his way in the darkness. "Jeepers! It's dark in here!" he muttered to himself.

Fumbling in the dark, Walter felt a worried frown tightening his brows, when suddenly his hand lit on a cold steel vessel. He squinted sharply, and then he heaved a sigh of mixed relief and excitement.

"This is it!" he murmured. With shaking fingers he withdrew the packet from inside his vest, and slowly, carefully, he shook the contents of it into the pan of carrots.

"Oboy!" Walter said. "This powder will fix Humphrey up fine! He'll never notice the taste — and when he takes a mouthful of his carrots tomorrow night, he'll go out like a light in a few minutes! Then Ernie Rabbit will be champ — and I'll be rich... *RICH!*".

At that very moment, muffled footsteps sounded outside. The pantry door opened silently once more, and a huge black shadow fell across the room.

Walter Weasel gulped audibly in the darkness. His breathing could be heard across the room. The shadow moved toward him, swiftly, silently. "OH!" Walter groaned. "HUMPHREY *HARE!*".

Then came the crash! *SOCK!* A terrific punch landed on Walter's jaw. He rolled back with the blow, but his attacker was soon upon him again, pummeling him with rights and lefts that rocked him on his heels. No words were spoken. Just the crack of fists landing on Walter's skull.

"I gotta get out of here!" Walter thought hysterically. "Ya can get killed like this!".

Seizing his first opportunity, Walter bolted through the pantry door. The midnight assailant made as if to follow, but Walter had the advantage. In the encompassing blackness, he eluded his follower, and ran swiftly down a path bordered with heavy shrubbery until he was sure he was safe. Then he threw himself down on the earth, panting and gasping for breath.

Gingerly he felt his left eye. It was swollen almost shut, and he could feel a trickle of blood starting down his cheek.

"I'm a mess!" he said. Then he smiled happily. "But I don't care," he added. I doctored up those carrots of Humphrey's. And now the fight is in the bag!"

THAT NIGHT the big fight arena was jampacked. An aura of tense excitement overhung the huge stadium. The paying customers literally sat on the edge of their seats, waiting for the main event to begin.

Down at the ringside, Humphrey Hare was getting ready to step into the ring. The crowd recognized the colorful champ, and let out a powerful roar of appreciation as the champ swung into his corner. Then everyone turned as Humphrey's opponent came down the aisle, followed by his manager, Walter Weasel.

"Hey, look at Walter Weasel", a fan shouted. "He looks like he just had a fight with the champ — and LOST!"

The crowd roared with laughter. Walter Weasel's face darkened. "Let 'em laugh" he muttered. "They won't think it's so funny when the fight's over tonight and my boy is champ!"

The referee motioned the two fighters toward the center of the ring. Walter noticed that Humphrey Hare was munching steadily on his pan of carrots over in his corner.

"Good! Good!" thought Walter. He'll be asleep on his feet before the first round is over!"

Walter glanced over at Ernie Rabbit, who was being introduced. Walter sighed happily, then quickly looked back at Ernie. Ernie's lids were half-closed, and his mouth hung open.

"Good Grief! Ernie looks like he's only half-conscious!"

But it was too late for Walter to examine Ernie. The gong sounded, and the two men came out fighting. That is, Humphrey came out fighting, and Ernie came out yawning. Humphrey tossed a couple of rights, then a couple of lefts, and Ernie didn't even bother to raise his hands in self-defense.

Then it came. Walter closed his eyes, unable to look. For Humphrey Hare started to circle his right arm counter-clockwise, and Walter knew what *that* meant. The famous Super-Bolo punch was on its way.

CRRRACK! A split second later Ernie Rabbit curled up peacefully on the canvas, and dug in for a nice long snooze as the twittering of little birds filled his brain.

"The winnah and still cham-peen—*Humphrey Hare!*" shouted the referee.

"Aw, rats!" said Walter Weasel.

THE SUN was a great big orange in the sky as Ernie Rabbit's eyelids fluttered open weakly. His innocent blue eyes, devoid of intelligence, lit on Walter Weasel, who stood disgustedly by the fallen fighter's cot, in their little furnished room.

"What happened?" asked Ernie. "Did I win?"

"Did you win? Ha ha! Did I win, he asks. No, dear boy, you *didn't* win! You hit the canvas like a sack of potatoes last night . . . just *LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES!*"

Ernie blinked, piteously. "I can't understand it, Walter. The night before last, I snuck into Humphrey's house and stole his pan of carrots, like you said we oughta, and . . .".

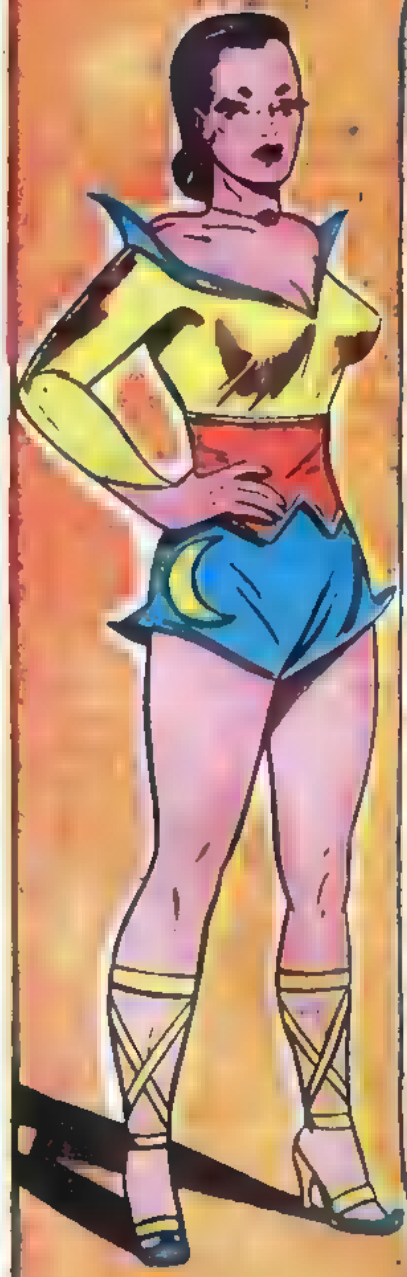
"You WHAT?" shrieked Walter.

"I stole Humphrey's carrots," said Ernie proudly. "Ya said we had to get hold of them, so I did. I had an awful fight with some fellow in the dark, but I got them carrots. And I ate every last one of them just before the fight! I figured if they helped Humphrey to win, they'd help me too!".

Walter Weasel sighed gently. Then his eyes closed softly, and with a little grunt, he slid onto the floor — and landed just like a sack of potatoes.

Introducing

MOON GIRL and The Prince



JUST ONCE IN EVERY SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS THERE APPEARS ON EARTH A MAN AND A WOMAN, WHOSE CHARACTERISTICS ARE SO OUTSTANDING, SO VIRILE, SO BEYOND OUR CONCEPTION THAT THEY ACTUALLY STAGGER OUR IMAGINATIONS!

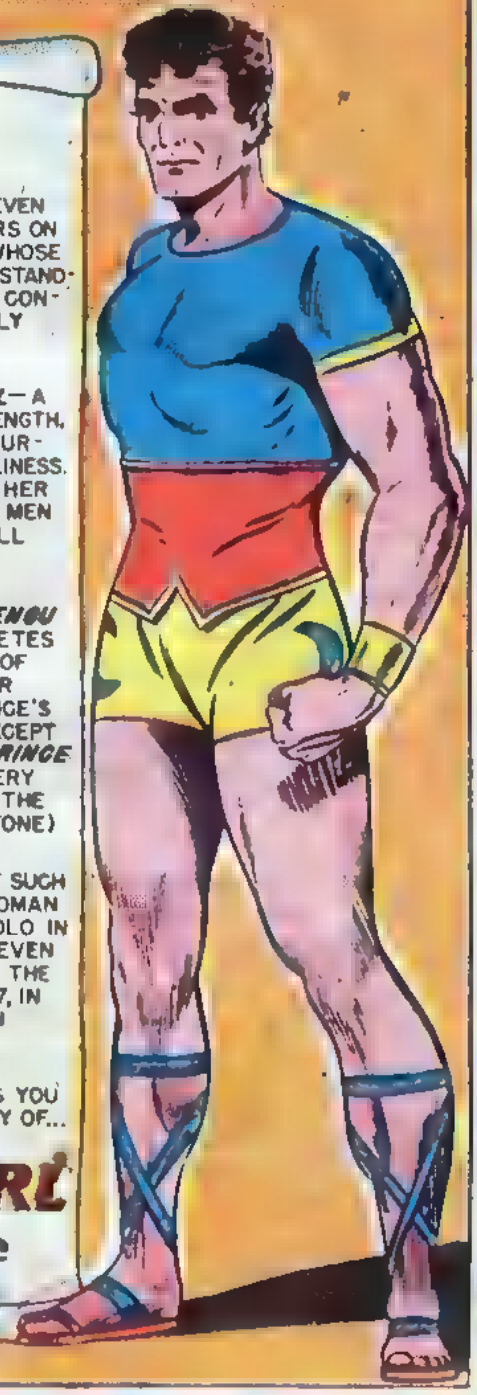
FIRST, THERE IS *MOON GIRL*—A WOMAN OF SENSATIONAL STRENGTH, SUPERHUMAN SPEED AND ENDURANCE AND SURPASSING LOVELINESS. HER MAGIC MOONSTONE GIVES HER THE POWER OF TEN ORDINARY MEN AND GUARDS HER AGAINST ALL HARM

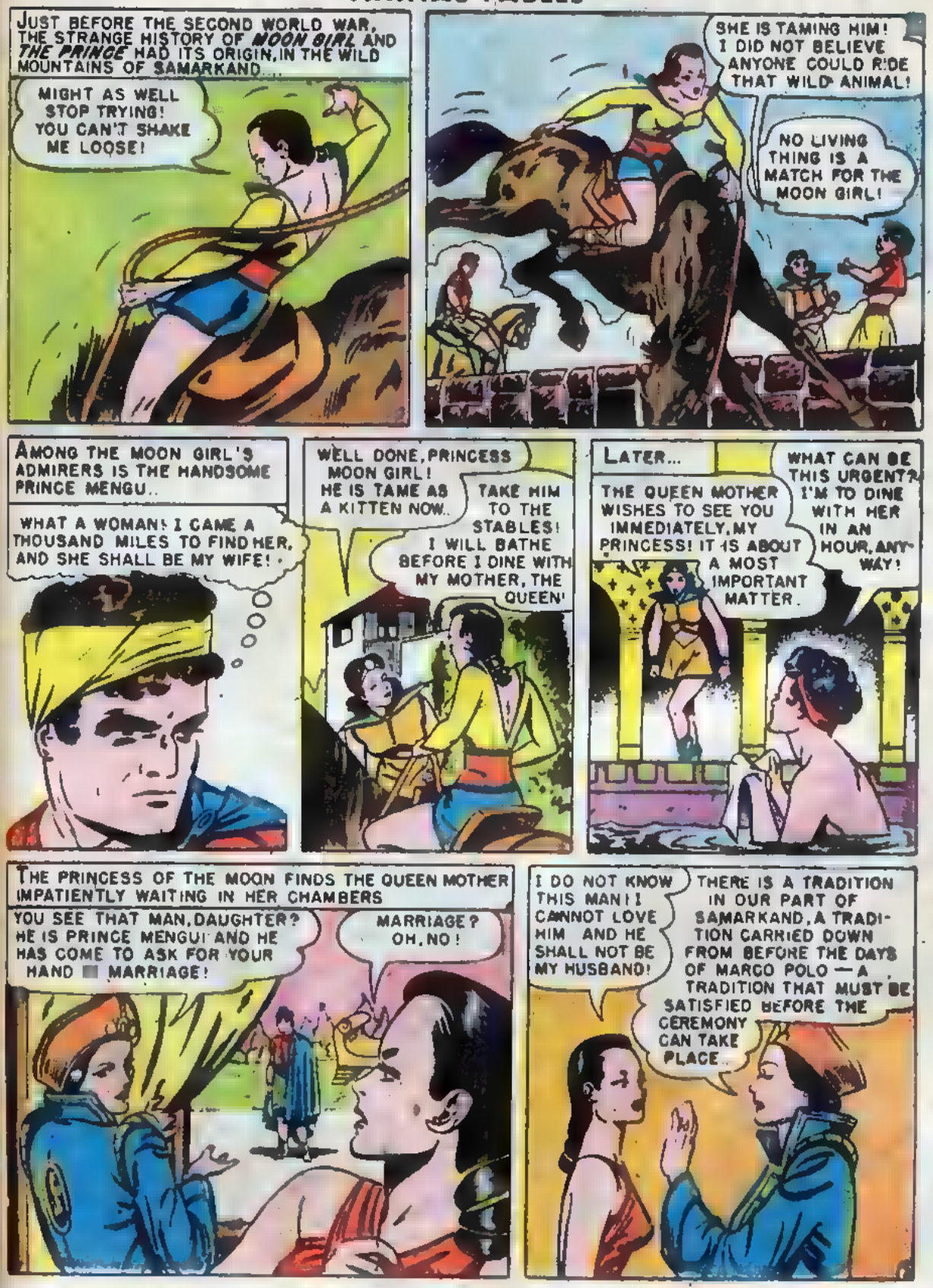
THEN THERE IS *PRINCE MENGU* ONE OF THE GREATEST ATHLETES OF ALL TIME---A TRUE SON OF HERCULES. NO LIVING MAN OR WOMAN CAN MATCH THE PRINCE'S SUPERLATIVE STRENGTH---EXCEPT *MOON GIRL*..TO HER ALONE *PRINCE MENGU* MUST CONCEDE MASTERY (WHEN OF COURSE, SHE USES THE POWER OF HER MAGIC MOONSTONE)

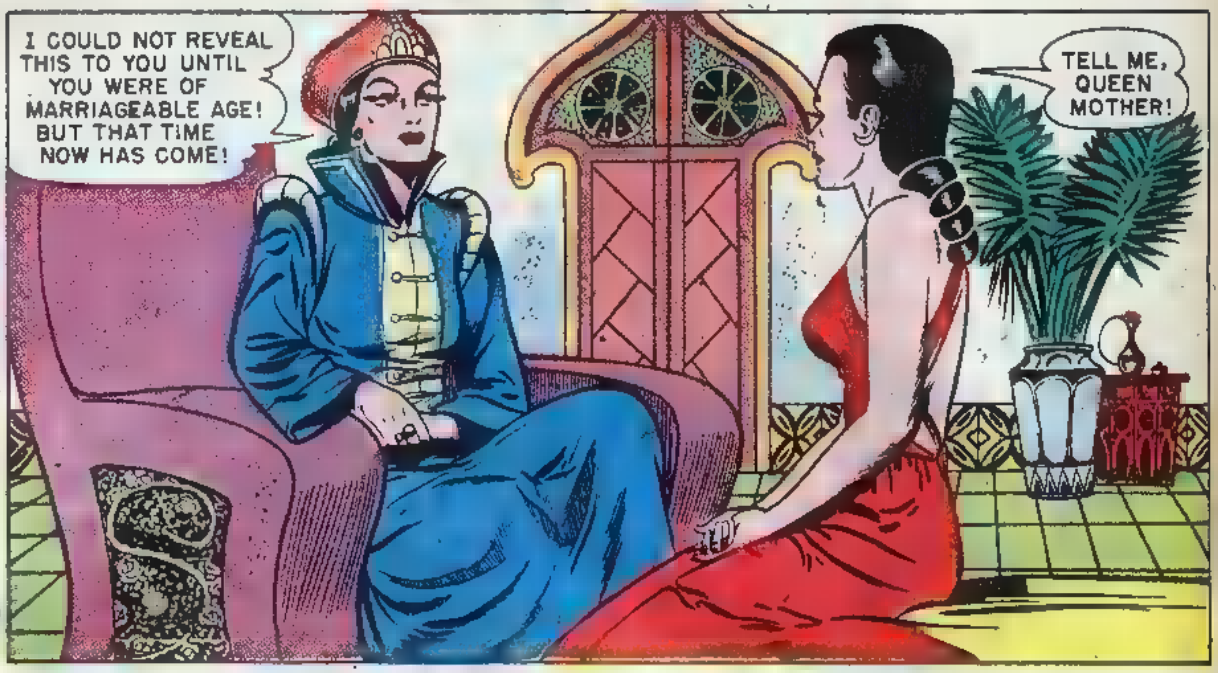
THE LAST APPEARANCE OF SUCH AN OUTSTANDING MAN AND WOMAN WAS DESCRIBED BY MARCO POLO IN HIS ADVENTURES WRITTEN SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO. NOW IS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY--IN 1947, IN FACT, SUCH A MAN AND WOMAN APPEAR AGAIN!

ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES YOU WILL FIND THE AMAZING STORY OF...

MOON GIRL and The Prince

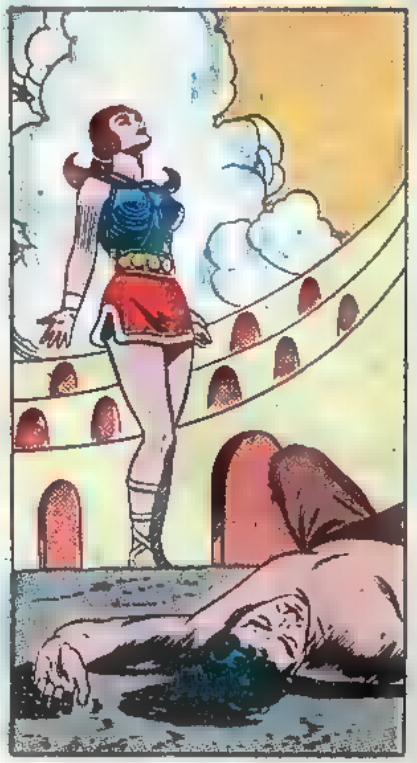



JUST BEFORE THE SECOND WORLD WAR, THE STRANGE HISTORY OF MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE HAD ITS ORIGIN, IN THE WILD MOUNTAINS OF SAMARKAND...
MIGHT AS WELL STOP TRYING! YOU CAN'T SHAKE ME LOOSE!
SHE IS TAMING HIM! I DID NOT BELIEVE ANYONE COULD RIDE THAT WILD ANIMAL!
NO LIVING THING IS A MATCH FOR THE MOON GIRL!
AMONG THE MOON GIRL'S ADMIRERS IS THE HANDSOME PRINCE MENGU..
WHAT A WOMAN! I CAME A THOUSAND MILES TO FIND HER, AND SHE SHALL BE MY WIFE!
WELL DONE, PRINCESS MOON GIRL! HE IS TAME AS A KITTEN NOW..
TAKE HIM TO THE STABLES! I WILL BATHE BEFORE I DINE WITH MY MOTHER, THE QUEEN!
LATER...
THE QUEEN MOTHER WISHES TO SEE YOU IMMEDIATELY, MY PRINCESS! IT IS ABOUT A MOST IMPORTANT MATTER.
WHAT CAN BE THIS URGENT? I'M TO DINE WITH HER IN AN HOUR, ANYWAY!
THE PRINCESS OF THE MOON FINDS THE QUEEN MOTHER IMPATIENTLY WAITING IN HER CHAMBERS
YOU SEE THAT MAN, DAUGHTER? HE IS PRINCE MENGU! AND HE HAS COME TO ASK FOR YOUR HAND IN MARRIAGE!
MARRIAGE? OH, NO!
I DO NOT KNOW THIS MAN! I CANNOT LOVE HIM AND HE SHALL NOT BE MY HUSBAND!
THERE IS A TRADITION IN OUR PART OF SAMARKAND, A TRADITION CARRIED DOWN FROM BEFORE THE DAYS OF MARCO POLO — A TRADITION THAT MUST BE SATISFIED BEFORE THE CEREMONY CAN TAKE PLACE...



THEN THE QUEEN RELATED THIS STRANGE TALE.....

MANY, MANY YEARS AGO IN THE REIGN OF KING KAIDU, DURING THE 13TH CENTURY, THE CUSTOM BEGAN. KING KAIDU HAD A DAUGHTER, THE VERY FIRST



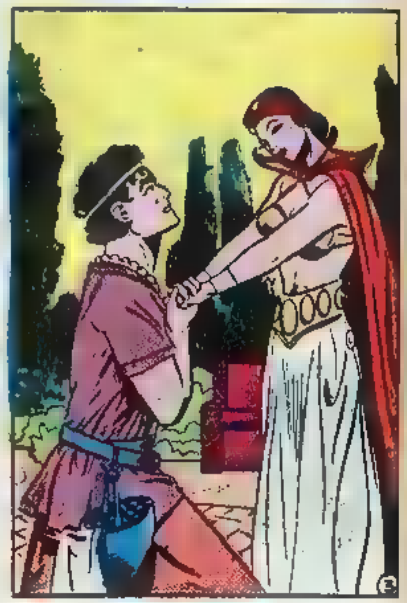
PRINCESS OF THE MOON, AND SHE WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL. SHE WAS SO STRONG AND BRAVE THAT IN ALL HER FATHER'S REALM NO MAN COULD OUTDO HER IN FEATS OF STRENGTH. WHEN THE TIME CAME FOR HER TO MARRY, SHE DID NOT WISH TO BE WED TO A MAN WEAKER THAN HERSELF.

SHE REALLY DESIRED A MAN WHOM SHE COULD ADMIRE, WHOSE STRENGTH AND WISDOM WERE GREATER THAN HER OWN.

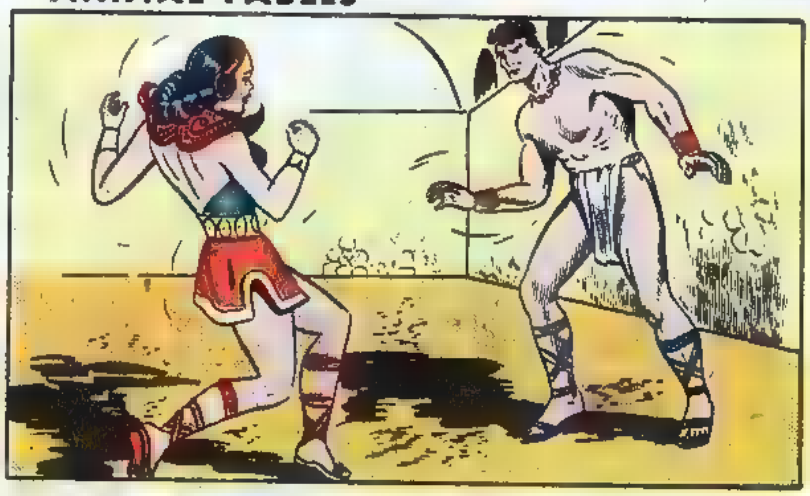
SO SHE ARRANGED FOR HER FATHER, KING KAIDU, TO ISSUE A PROCLAMATION. SHE CHALLENGED ANY MAN TO THROW HER IN THE WRESTLING RING, AND TO THE VICTOR, SHE WOULD GIVE HERSELF IN MARRIAGE. THIS PROCLAMATION WAS NO SOONER MADE THAN MANY CAME FROM ALL PARTS TO TRY THEIR FORTUNE. BUT ALL WERE DOOMED TO FAILURE. FOR THE DAUGHTER OF KING KAIDU WAS AS STRONG AS SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, AND NO MAN WAS HER EQUAL.

AT LAST THERE CAME A MAN, SO PRINCELY IN HIS BEARING, AS LITHE AS A PANTHER IN HIS STRIDE, THAT THE DAUGHTER OF KING KAIDU WAS SMITTEN WITH HIM. THE YOUNG MAN WAS A MOST AGREEABLE CHOICE IN THE EYES OF KING KAIDU ALSO, FOR HE WAS OF ROYAL BLOOD, AND OWNED MANY HORSES AND OTHER FORMS OF WEALTH.

THE YOUNG MAN LOVED THE DAUGHTER OF KING KAIDU WITH HIS WHOLE HEART. WHEN THEY WALKED TOGETHER [redacted] THE GARDEN, SHE KNEW THAT SHE LOVED HIM ALSO.

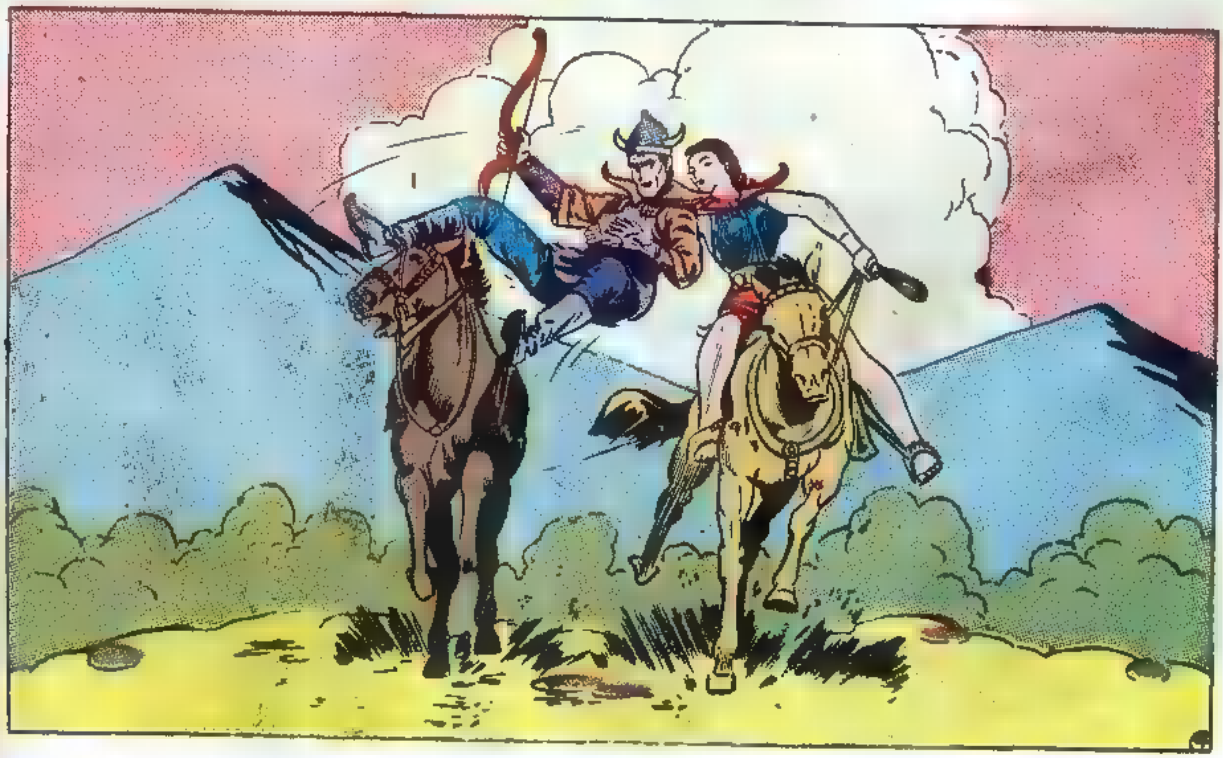


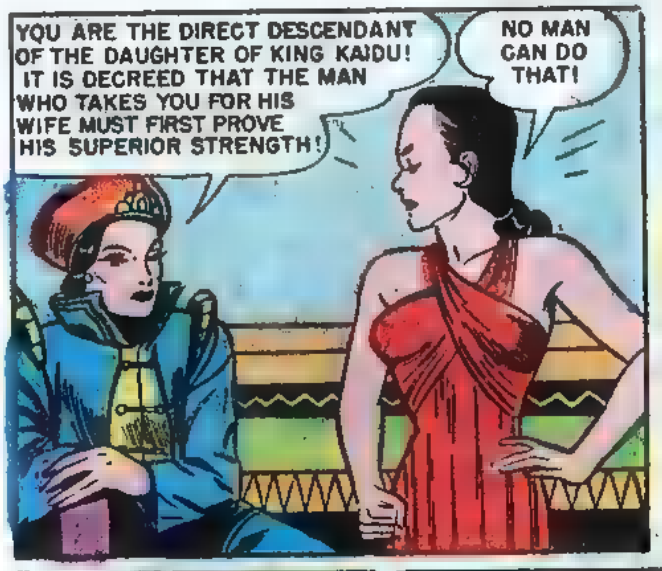
BUT HER PRIDE WOULD NOT PERMIT HER TO YIELD TO A MAN LESS STRONG THAN HERSELF. IN SECRET THOUGH, SHE YEARNED FOR A MOMENT OF SENSIBLE WEAKNESS, SO THAT HE MIGHT OVERCOME HER IN THE COMBAT WHICH FOLLOWED HE PROVED STRONGER THAN ANY MAN SHE EVER MET BEFORE YET, AFTER A DESPERATE STRUGGLE, SHE THREW HIM. AND THE YOUNG MAN, BITTER WITH DESPAIR, RODE AWAY. AND THE DAUGHTER OF KING KAIDU WAS LONELY AND SAD!



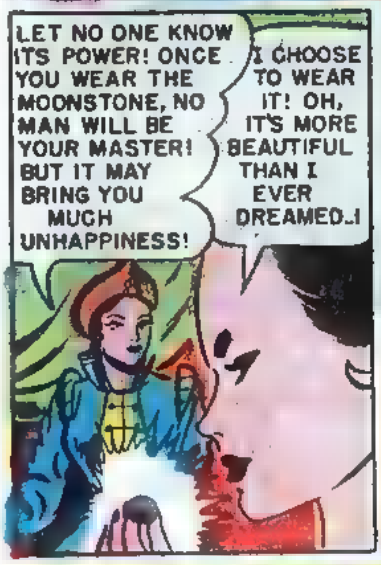
SOON AFTERWARD, KING KAIDU WAS INVOLVED IN A SERIES OF DESPERATE BATTLES AGAINST NEIGHBORING CHIEFS WHEN HE RODE INTO BATTLE, HIS DAUGHTER RODE BESIDE HIM, AND IN BATTLE SHE DISTINGUISHED HERSELF MORE THAN ANY OTHER WARRIOR IN ONE OF THESE BATTLES SHE SLEW THE EVIL WIZARD KA-ZHAN, AND FROM HIM SHE TOOK THE MAGIC MOONSTONE IT WAS A TALISMAN THAT MADE HER INVINCIBLE TO HARM. FROM THE DAY SHE WORE THE MOONSTONE HER STRENGTH SEEMED TO MULTIPLY UNTIL, IT WAS SAID, SHE COULD DEFEAT AN ENTIRE ARMY, SINGLEHANDED BUT SHE WAS UNHAPPY

MARCO POLO RECORDS THE REST OF THE STORY, MY DAUGHTER. ONE DAY, IN THE FIELD OF BATTLE, THE DAUGHTER OF KING KAIDU ESPIED A FAMILIAR FIGURE ON HORSEBACK, IN THE MIDST OF THE ENEMY TROOPS. DASHING FORWARD ON THE FULL GALLOP, SHE SNATCHED HIM FROM HIS HORSE, AND BROUGHT HIM BACK WITH HER TO HER OWN PEOPLE. SO THE DAUGHTER OF KING KAIDU FOUND HER TRUE LOVE. ONE MAY SUPPOSE SHE ALSO FOUND HAPPINESS "BUT WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH *ME*?" ASKED THE PRINCESS OF THE MOON



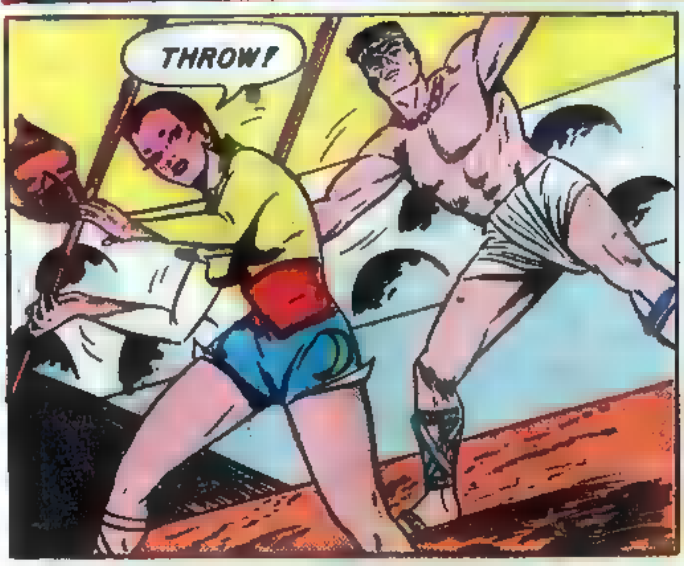

YOU ARE THE DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE DAUGHTER OF KING KAIDU! IT IS DECREED THAT THE MAN WHO TAKES YOU FOR HIS WIFE MUST FIRST PROVE HIS SUPERIOR STRENGTH!
NO MAN CAN DO THAT!

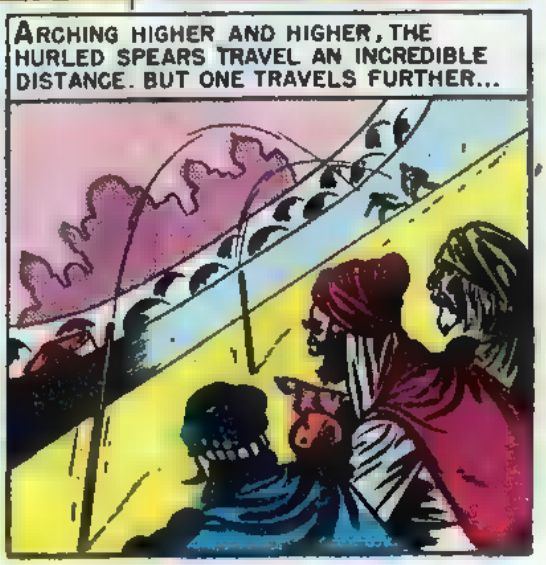
...THEY SAY THIS PRINCE OF MENGU IS A TRUE SON OF HERCULES! HE HAS UNBELIEVABLE STRENGTH! BUT HE CANNOT DEFEAT YOU IF YOU WEAR THE MAGIC MOONSTONE....
YOU'RE GIVING IT TO ME?

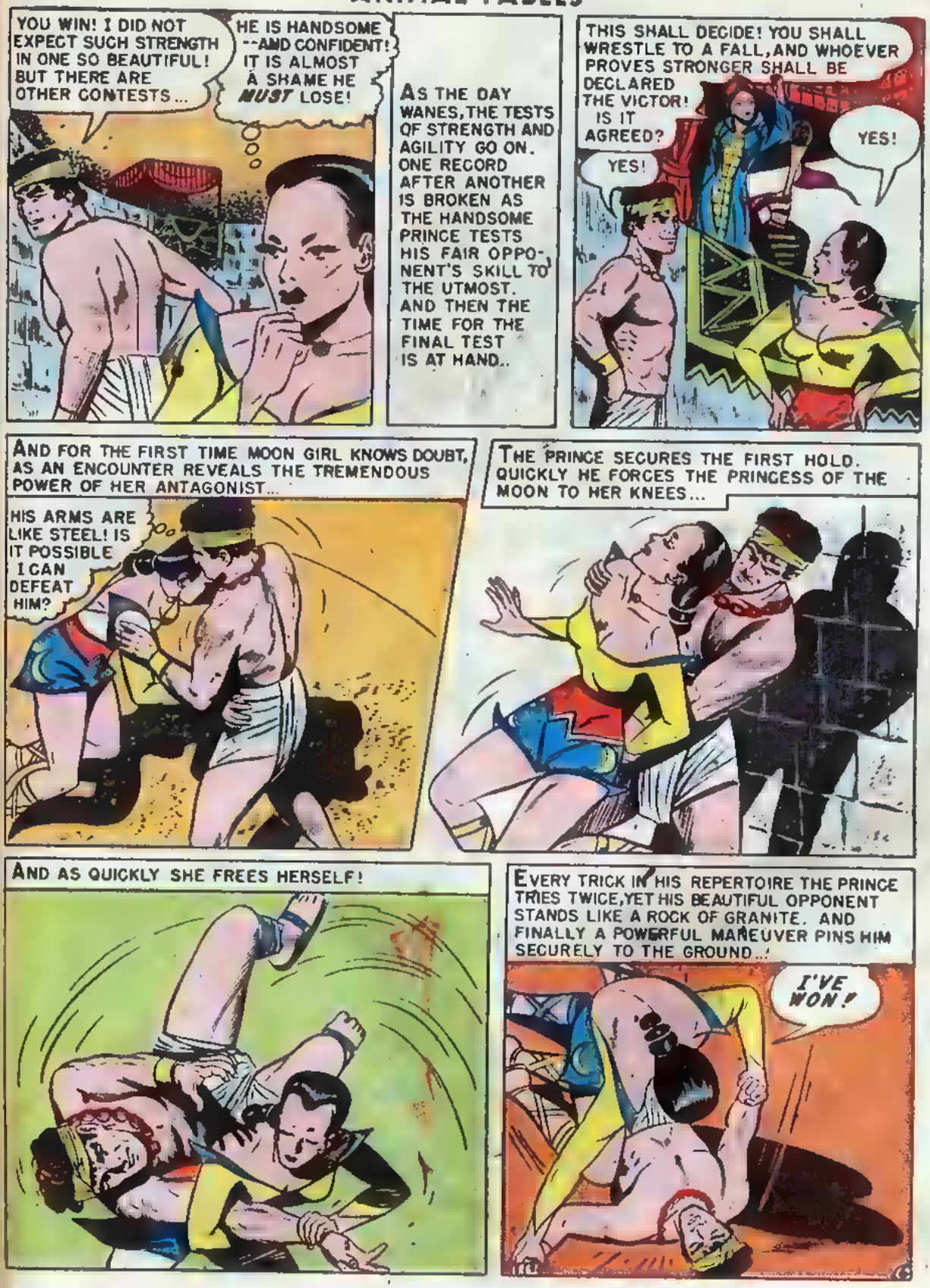

LET NO ONE KNOW ITS POWER! ONCE YOU WEAR THE MOONSTONE, NO MAN WILL BE YOUR MASTER! BUT IT MAY BRING YOU MUCH UNHAPPINESS!
I CHOOSE TO WEAR IT! OH, IT'S MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN I EVER DREAMED..!

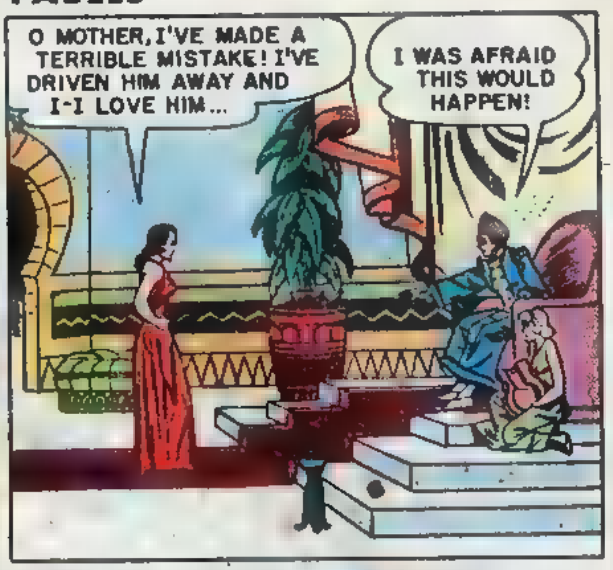
SO A CONTEST OF STRENGTH WITH PRINCE MENGU IS ARRANGED AND A PRINCESS OF THE MOON AGAIN CONFRONTS A HANDSOME SUITOR FOR HER HAND...
I'VE COME A LONG DISTANCE TO SEE YOU! YOU WILL RETURN WITH ME AS MY WIFE!
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO COMMAND ME IN ANYTHING! THAT RIGHT YOU MUST EARN IN A FAIR CONTEST...

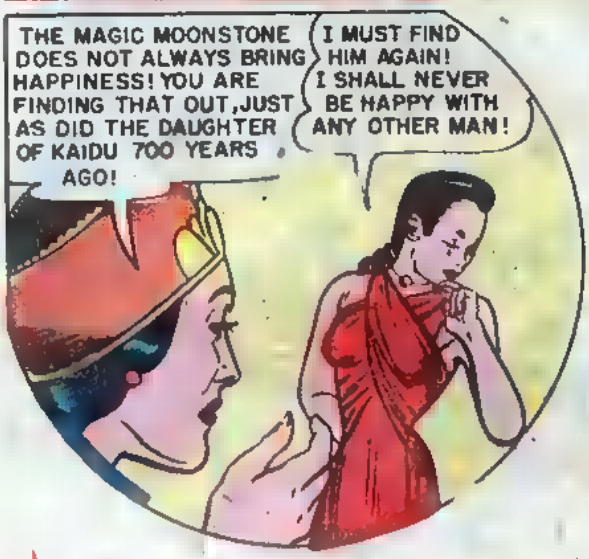
I SHALL DEFEAT YOU! FOR IT IS TRUE THAT I AM OF THE BLOOD OF HERCULES! BUT EVEN IF I WERE NOT, LOVE WOULD MAKE ME YOUR MASTER!
LET YOUR DEEDS SPEAK!

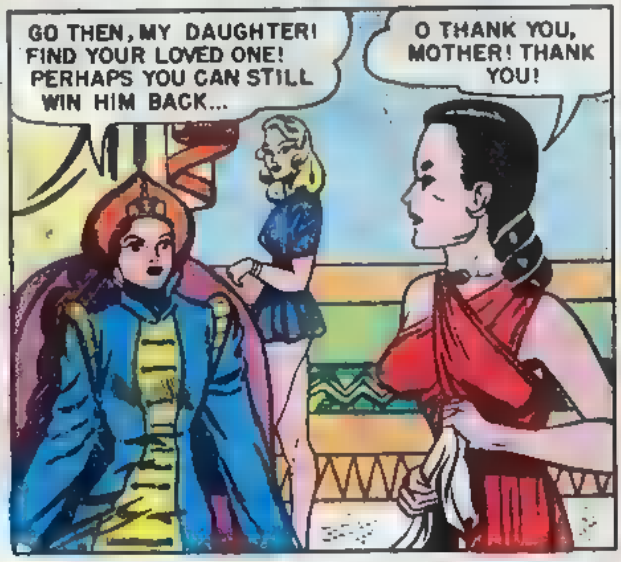

THROW!


ARCHING HIGHER AND HIGHER, THE HURLED SPEARS TRAVEL AN INCREDIBLE DISTANCE. BUT ONE TRAVELS FURTHER...

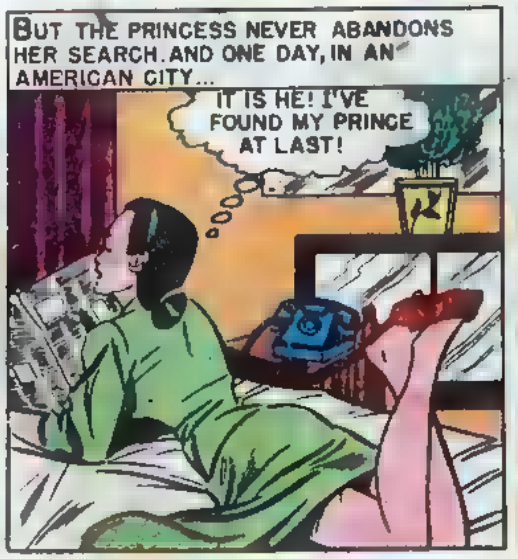

YOU WIN! I DID NOT EXPECT SUCH STRENGTH IN ONE SO BEAUTIFUL! BUT THERE ARE OTHER CONTESTS...
HE IS HANDSOME --AND CONFIDENT! IT IS ALMOST A SHAME HE MUST LOSE!
AS THE DAY WANES, THE TESTS OF STRENGTH AND AGILITY GO ON. ONE RECORD AFTER ANOTHER IS BROKEN AS THE HANDSOME PRINCE TESTS HIS FAIR OPPONENT'S SKILL TO THE UTMOST. AND THEN THE TIME FOR THE FINAL TEST IS AT HAND..
THIS SHALL DECIDE! YOU SHALL WRESTLE TO A FALL, AND WHOEVER PROVES STRONGER SHALL BE DECLARED THE VICTOR! IS IT AGREED?
YES!
YES!
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME MOON GIRL KNOWS DOUBT, AS AN ENCOUNTER REVEALS THE TREMENDOUS POWER OF HER ANTAGONIST...
HIS ARMS ARE LIKE STEEL! IS IT POSSIBLE I CAN DEFEAT HIM?
THE PRINCE SECURES THE FIRST HOLD. QUICKLY HE FORCES THE PRINCESS OF THE MOON TO HER KNEES...
AND AS QUICKLY SHE FREES HERSELF!
EVERY TRICK IN HIS REPERTOIRE THE PRINCE TRIES TWICE, YET HIS BEAUTIFUL OPPONENT STANDS LIKE A ROCK OF GRANITE. AND FINALLY A POWERFUL MANEUVER PINS HIM SECURELY TO THE GROUND...
I'VE WON!

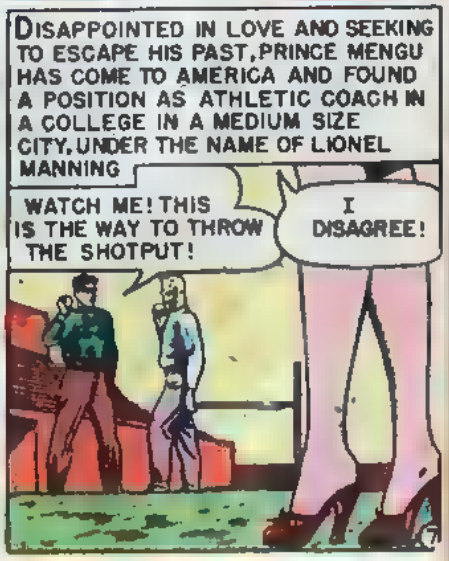






FAR AND WIDE THE PRINCESS OF THE MOON SEARCHES FOR HER BELOVED PRINCE. BUT HE IS NOT TO BE FOUND ■ SAMARKAND, NOR IN HIS OWN KINGDOM OF MENGU. MEN SAY THAT DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE, THE YOUNG PRINCE HAS FLED FOREVER THE SCENES OF HIS DEFEAT...



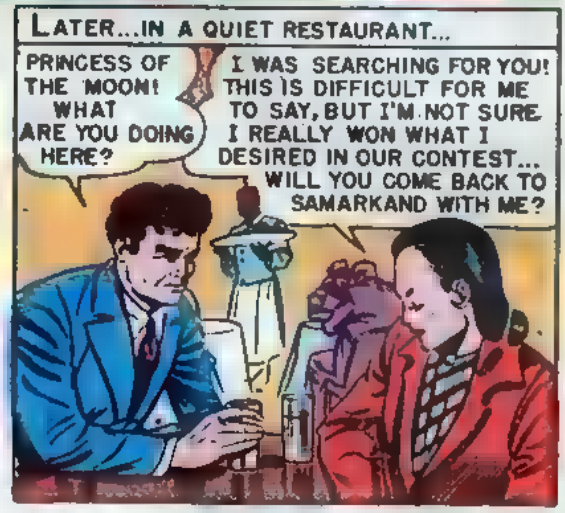


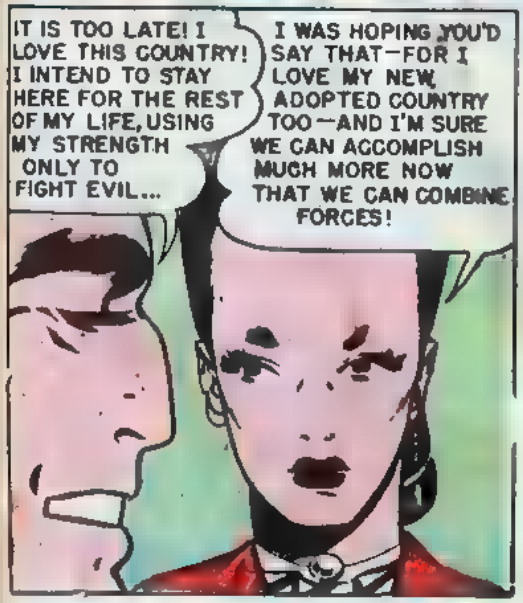
A GIRL! WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT SHOT-PUTTING?
HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO MATCH YOURSELF AGAINST ME?

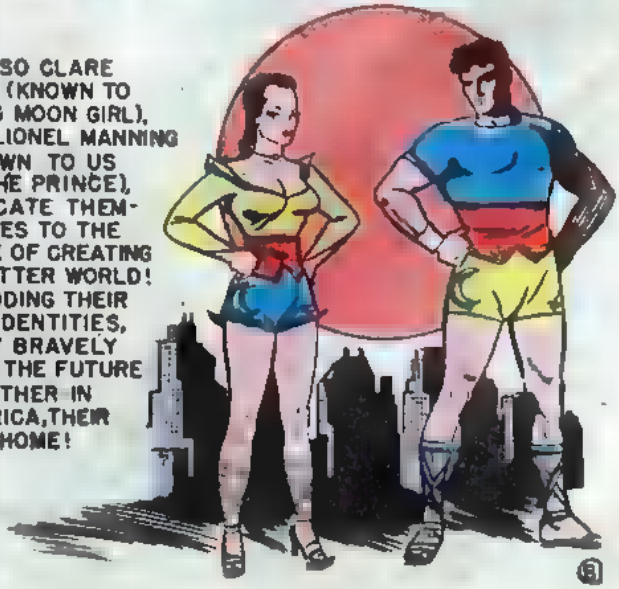
THIS IS SILLY! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO THROW IT TEN FEET!
DON'T BE TOO SURE!

AS ONCE BEFORE SPEARS CLEFT THE AIR, SO NOW SHOTPUTS MARK A TEST OF STRENGTH...

YOU-YOU BEAT ME! ONLY ONE PERSON IN THE WORLD COULD EQUAL THAT THROW! WHY, YOU MUST BE--
THERE MUST BE A PLACE WHERE WE CAN TALK QUIETLY!


LATER...IN A QUIET RESTAURANT...
PRINCESS OF THE MOON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I WAS SEARCHING FOR YOU! THIS IS DIFFICULT FOR ME TO SAY, BUT I'M NOT SURE I REALLY WON WHAT I DESIRED IN OUR CONTEST... WILL YOU COME BACK TO SAMARKAND WITH ME?


IT IS TOO LATE! I LOVE THIS COUNTRY! I INTEND TO STAY HERE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE, USING MY STRENGTH ONLY TO FIGHT EVIL...
I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT—FOR I LOVE MY NEW, ADOPTED COUNTRY TOO—AND I'M SURE WE CAN ACCOMPLISH MUCH MORE NOW THAT WE CAN COMBINE FORCES!


AND SO CLARE LUNE (KNOWN TO US AS MOON GIRL), AND LIONEL MANNING (KNOWN TO US AS THE PRINCE), DEDICATE THEMSELVES TO THE TASK OF CREATING A BETTER WORLD! SHEDDING THEIR OLD IDENTITIES, THEY BRAVELY FACE THE FUTURE TOGETHER IN AMERICA, THEIR NEW HOME!

MORE THRILLING AND EXCITING ADVENTURES OF...

MOON GIRL

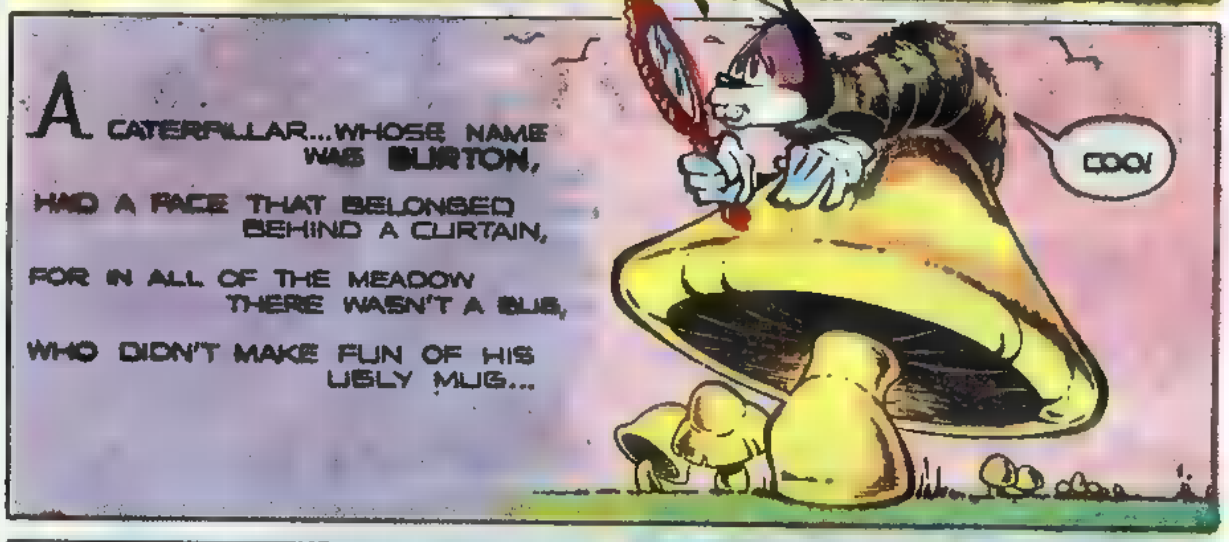
and The Prince

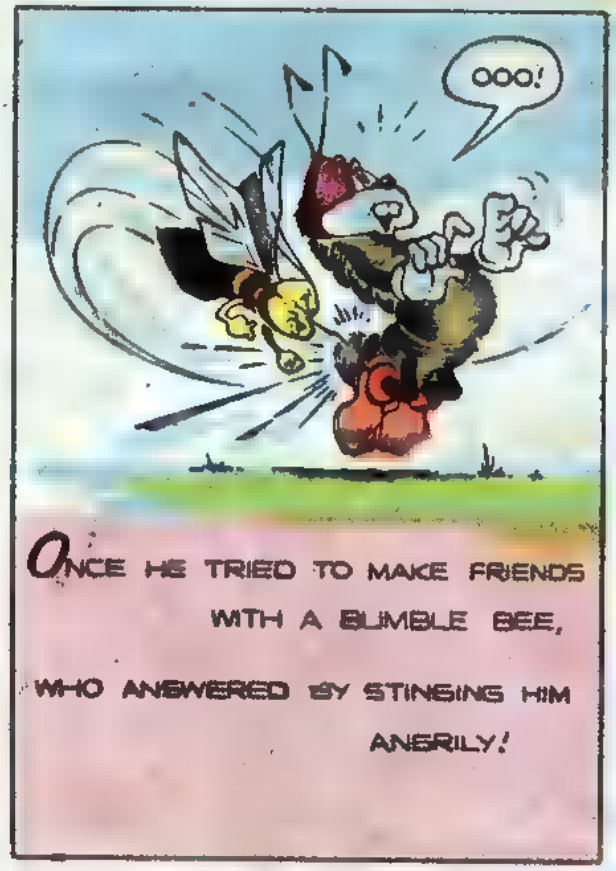
IN THIS AMAZING NEW MAGAZINE DESTINED TO MAKE COMIC HISTORY!

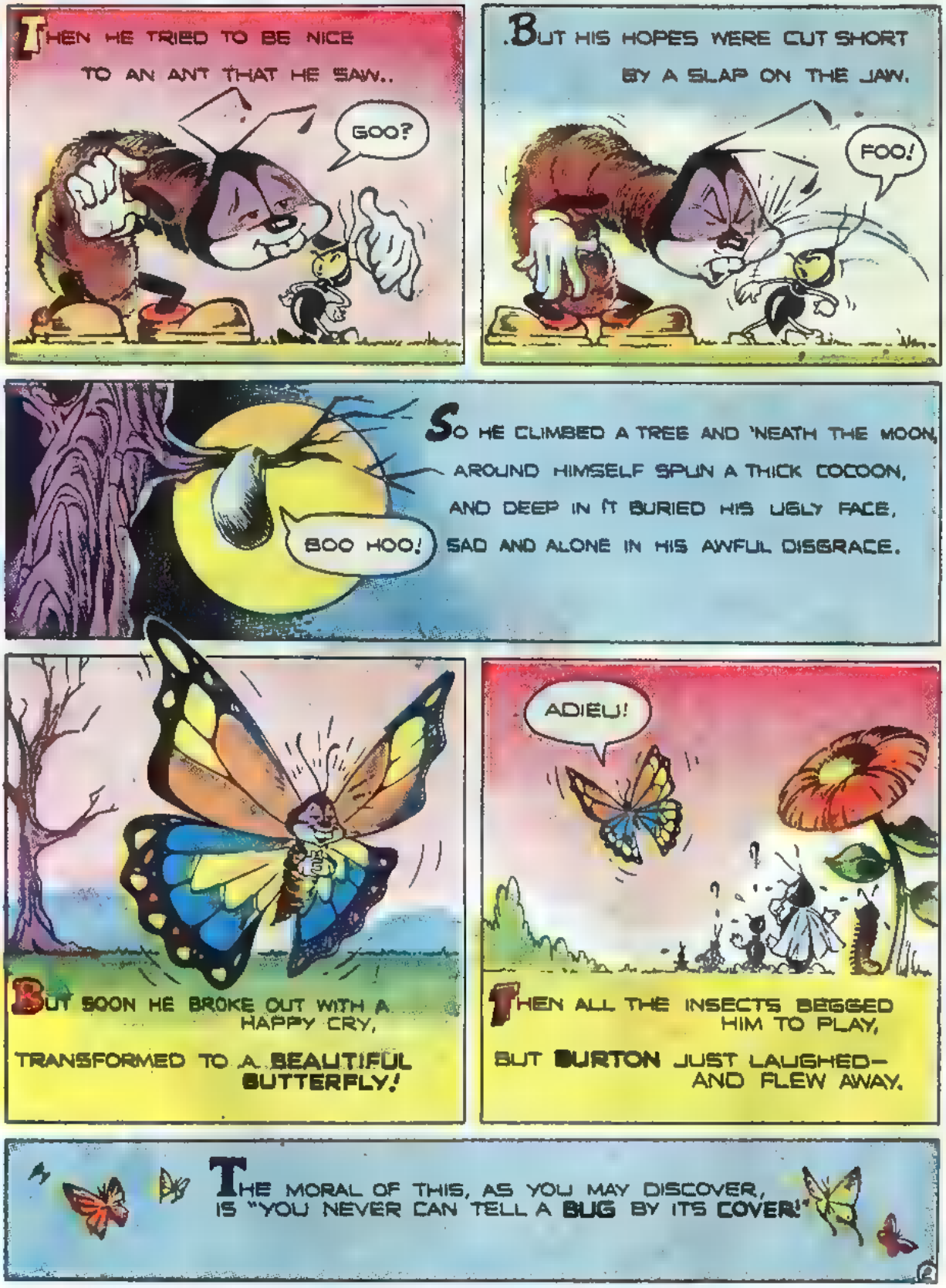
NOW ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

THE UGLY CATERPILLAR

A MODERN VERSION OF THE FAMOUS FABLE






THEN HE TRIED TO BE NICE TO AN ANT THAT HE SAW..
GOO?
BUT HIS HOPES WERE CUT SHORT BY A SLAP ON THE JAW.
FOO!
SO HE CLIMBED A TREE AND 'NEATH THE MOON, AROUND HIMSELF SPUN A THICK COCOON, AND DEEP IN IT BURIED HIS UGLY FACE, SAD AND ALONE IN HIS AWFUL DISGRACE.
BOO HOO!
BUT SOON HE BROKE OUT WITH A HAPPY CRY, TRANSFORMED TO A BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY!
ADIEU!
THEN ALL THE INSECTS BEGGED HIM TO PLAY, BUT BURTON JUST LAUGHED— AND FLEW AWAY.
THE MORAL OF THIS, AS YOU MAY DISCOVER, IS "YOU NEVER CAN TELL A BUG BY ITS COVER!"

HECTOR the INSPECTOR

MEETS THE WORLD'S DUMBEST CROOK!

I KIN TELL YA WHERE TA FIND ME! BUT I WON'T TALK UNTIL I GET THAT REWARD!

WANTED! HAREBRAIN $5000 REWARD

INSPECTOR HECTOR

ROOMS FOR RENT

IT SAYS IN THE PAPER THAT ALL THE CROOKS ARE LEAVING TOWN! THEY'RE AFRAID OF YOU, HECTOR!

NATURALLY!

YOU LOCKED UP 1,418 CROOKS LAST WEEK! AT THIS RATE, THERE WON'T BE ANY CRIME LEFT THAT'S WORTH MENTIONING...

QUITE SO!

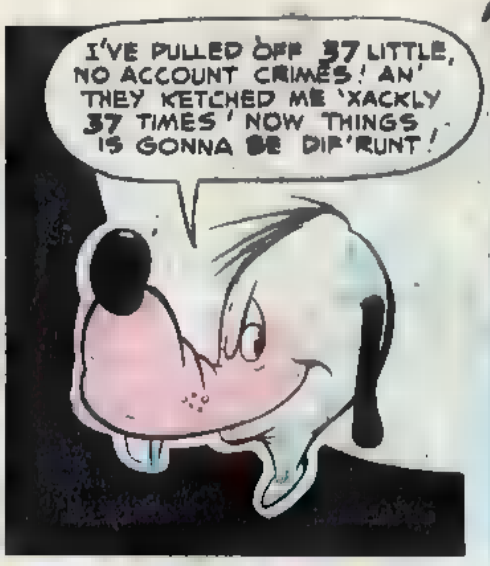
YOU'RE A GENIUS, HECTOR!

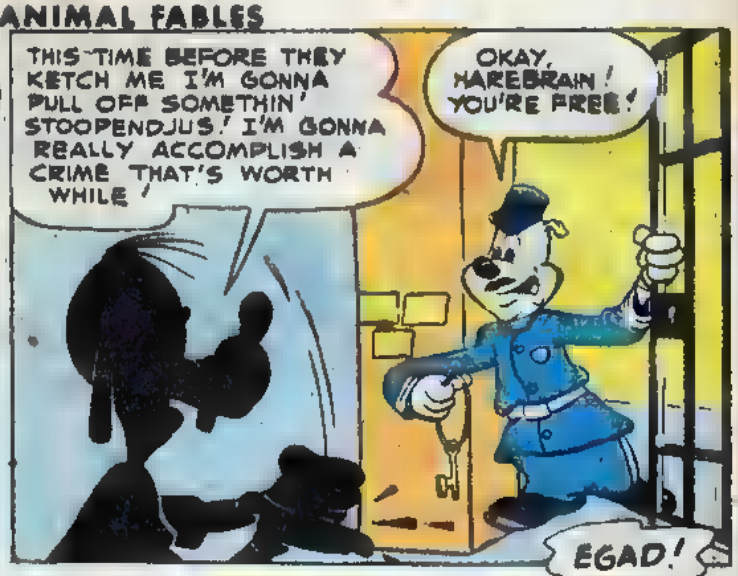
JUST THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE! AND THAT'S BECAUSE I KNOW HOW TO PLAY UP TO A CRIMINAL'S WEAKNESS!

NOW LET US GLANCE INTO THE (PRACTICALLY) PERMANENT RESIDENCE OF HAREBRAIN, THE WORLD'S DUMBEST CROOK!

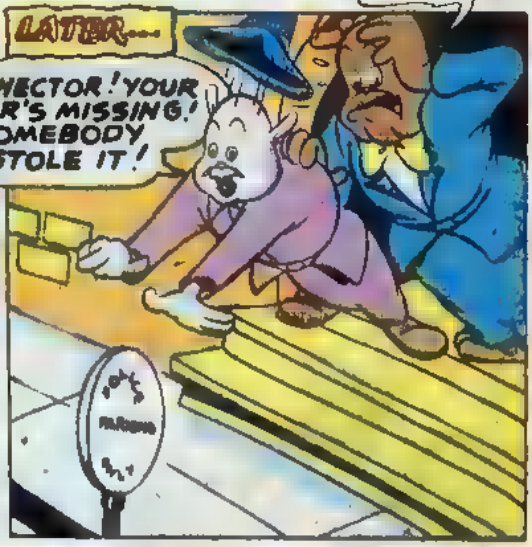
I'LL BE GETTIN' OUT OF HERE TODAY! I GOTTA FIND ME A REALLY BIG CRIME TO COMMIT! SOMETHIN' OUTA THIS WORLD!

PRESS


I'VE PULLED OFF 37 LITTLE, NO ACCOUNT CRIMES! AN' THEY KETCHED ME 'XACKLY 37 TIMES! NOW THINGS IS GONNA BE DIF'RUNT!

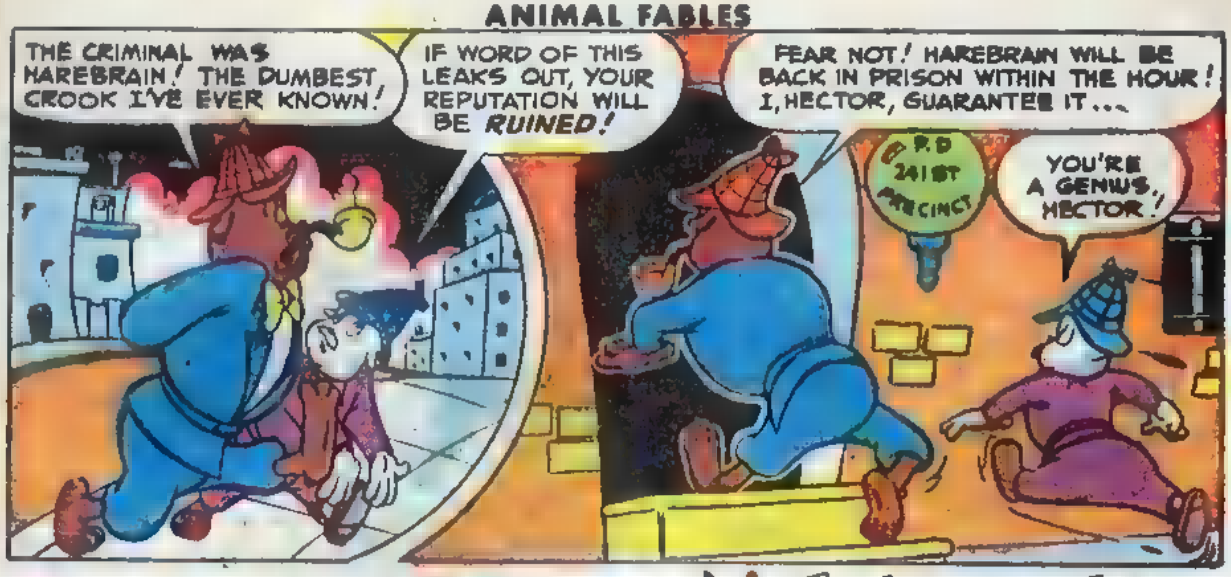

THIS TIME BEFORE THEY KETCH ME I'M GONNA PULL OFF SOMETHIN' STOOPENDJUS! I'M GONNA REALLY ACCOMPLISH A CRIME THAT'S WORTH WHILE!
OKAY, HAREBRAIN! YOU'RE FREE!
EGAD!

EXIT
TRY TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE UNTIL WE GET YOUR CELL DUSTED OUT, WILL YOU? LAST TIME YOU WERE BACK WHILE I WAS STILL MAKING THE BEDS!

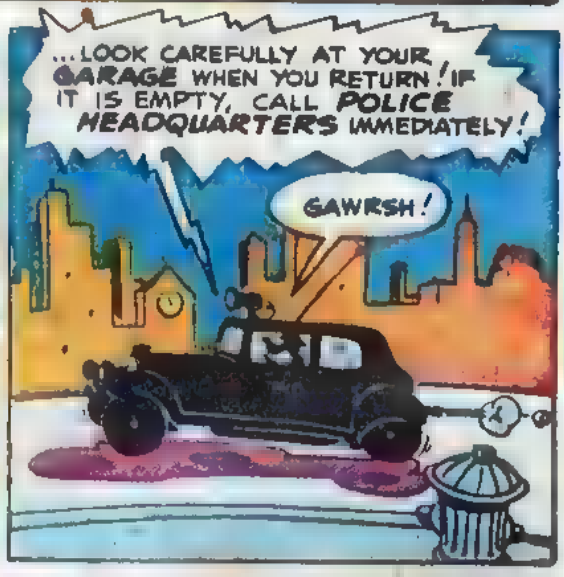

LATER....
HECTOR! YOUR CAR'S MISSING! SOMEBODY STOLE IT!

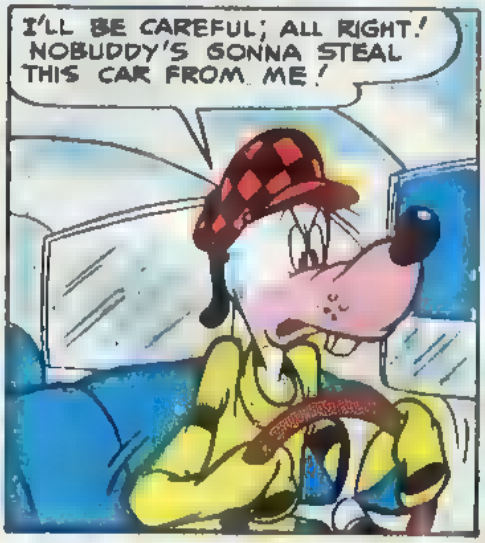
WHAT CRIMINAL WOULD BE STUPID ENOUGH TO STEAL A POLICE CAR?
HERE'S YOUR ANSWER!
POLICE
PARKING
ONLY

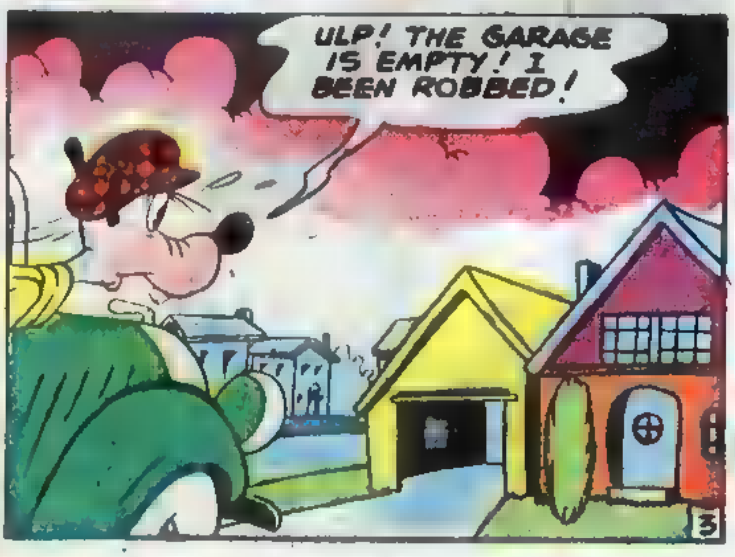
SO!
YOU'LL NEVER KETCH ME
HAREBRAIN


THE CRIMINAL WAS HAREBRAIN! THE DUMBEST CROOK I'VE EVER KNOWN!
IF WORD OF THIS LEAKS OUT, YOUR REPUTATION WILL BE RUINED!
FEAR NOT! HAREBRAIN WILL BE BACK IN PRISON WITHIN THE HOUR! I, HECTOR, GUARANTEE IT...
P.D. 241ST PRECINCT
YOU'RE A GENIUS, HECTOR!

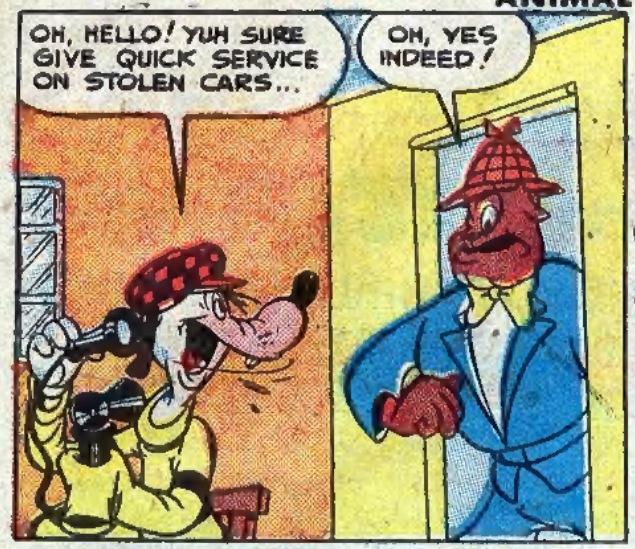
HERE IS A WARNING FOR ALL CAR OWNERS! A DESPERATE CAR THIEF IS AT LARGE! NO ONE IS SAFE!


...LOOK CAREFULLY AT YOUR GARAGE WHEN YOU RETURN! IF IT IS EMPTY, CALL POLICE HEADQUARTERS IMMEDIATELY!
GAWRSH!

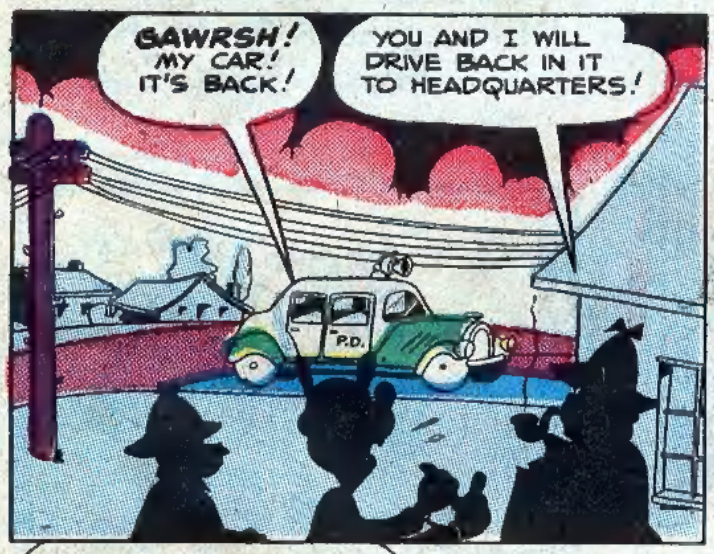

I'LL BE CAREFUL; ALL RIGHT! NOBUDDY'S GONNA STEAL THIS CAR FROM ME!


ULP! THE GARAGE IS EMPTY! I BEEN ROBBED!

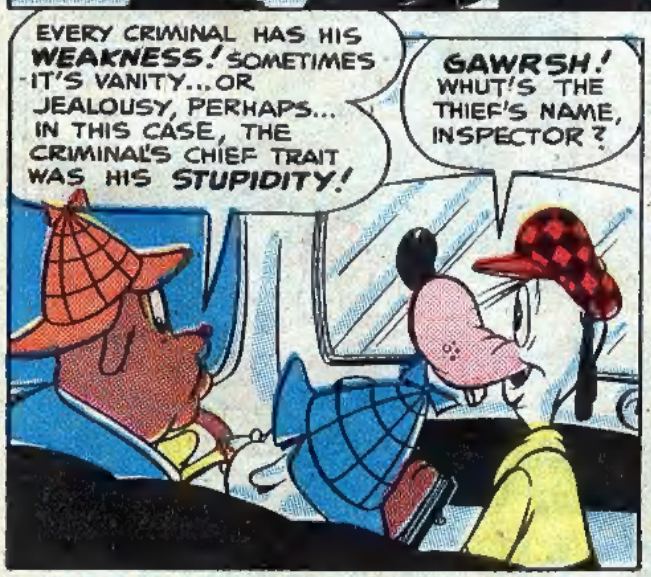
I GOTTA CALL THE PERLICE QUICK! NO LOW-DOWN CAR THIEF CAN DO THIS TO ME!
HELLO? OH, YOUR CAR'S BEEN STOLEN, EH? CAN YOU GIVE ME A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF THE VEHICLE?
COME ON! I'M GOING TO RECLAIM MY CAR AND CAPTURE HAREBRAIN!
BUT- BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
YOU HAVEN'T LEFT HEADQUARTERS ALL DAY! HOW CAN YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND HAREBRAIN?
ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR FELLOW! COME WITH ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU!
YOU SEE, THERE'S MY CAR!
P.D.
PD-6
ASTOUNDING! BUT-BUT YOU STILL HAVEN'T CAPTURED HAREBRAIN!
FOLLOW ME!

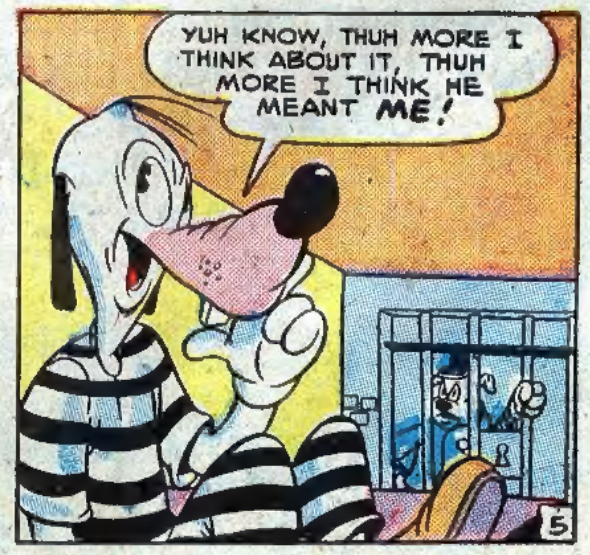

OH, HELLO! YUH SURE GIVE QUICK SERVICE ON STOLEN CARS...
OH, YES INDEED!

IN FACT, I'VE ALREADY APPREHENDED THE CAR THIEF!
YUH HAVE? THAT'S WUNNERFUL!


GAWRSH! MY CAR! IT'S BACK!
YOU AND I WILL DRIVE BACK IN IT TO HEADQUARTERS!
P.D.

YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN, HECTOR! YOUR INSTINCT FOR TRACKING DOWN CRIMINALS IS AMAZING!
SIMPLY A MATTER OF UNDERSTANDING YOUR CULPRIT, MY DEAR FELLOW!
P.D.


EVERY CRIMINAL HAS HIS WEAKNESS! SOMETIMES IT'S VANITY...OR JEALOUSY, PERHAPS... IN THIS CASE, THE CRIMINAL'S CHIEF TRAIT WAS HIS STUPIDITY!
GAWRSH! WHUT'S THE THIEF'S NAME, INSPECTOR?

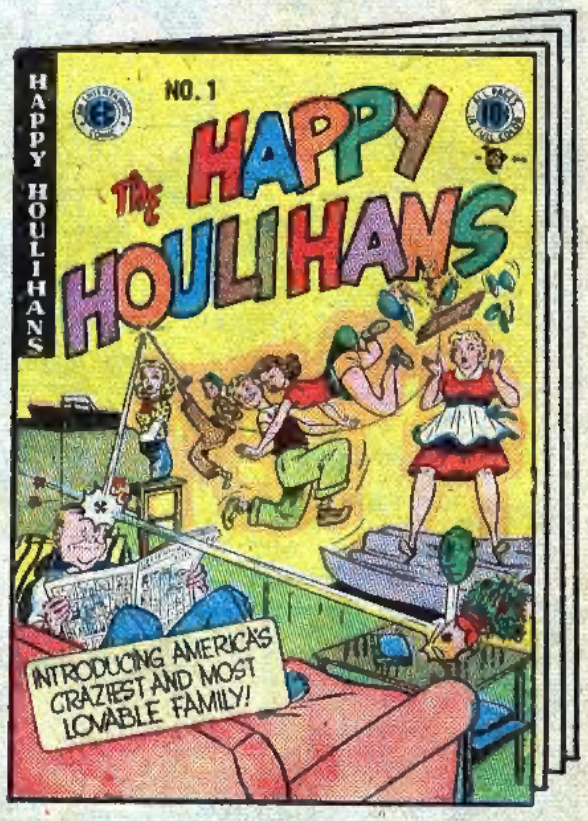

YUH KNOW, THUH MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, THUH MORE I THINK HE MEANT ME!

2 NEW MAGAZINES YOU'RE SURE TO FIND DIFFERENT and EXCITING!

FOR A THRILL-A-MINUTE FOLLOW THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF

BLACKSTONE...

THE MAGICIAN DETECTIVE ...IN HIS ACTION-PACKED *FIGHT AGAINST CRIME!*



FOR THE LAUGH SENSATION OF THIS (OR *ANY*) YEAR! LOOK FOR AMERICA'S CRAZIEST AND MOST LOVABLE FAMILY...

THE HAPPY HOULIHANS!

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

Scoop! Complete Picture-Taking Picture-Making Outfit for only $4.98

Candid-Type Camera! Complete Developing Outfit! Complete Printing Outfit! All for one low price of only $4.98!

SEND FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

At Last! You Can Take, Make and Develop Your Own Pictures!

This is the first time a complete picture-taking, picture-making outfit has ever been offered at the sensationally low price of only $4.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay much more than that for a good developing kit. Yet here you not only get a big, 14-piece Developing Kit so that you can actually make and develop your own pictures, but also a famous make candid-type Camera which takes regular size pictures. Positively not a toy. Both the Camera and the Developing Kit are "the real thing"—guaranteed to work on the same principle as those used by experienced photographers.

Easy To Make Your Own Pictures! Think of it!—You can go out and snap pictures of your favorite scenes, of important events and land-marks, or of members of your family. Then, within a few minutes after you snap the pictures, you can develop them yourself. Virtually without waiting you can make and develop those same pictures right in your own home. Watch them come to life . . . clear and sharp . . . before your very eyes, almost like magic. Sensational! Exciting! Thrilling fun such as you've never known before.

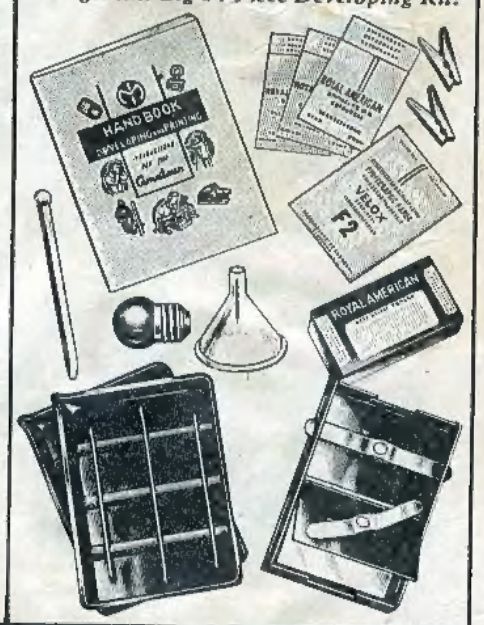
Make Money While Having Fun! This is the chance of a lifetime to pursue an interesting hobby and learn the fascinating photography business at the same time. You can even make money in your spare hours. Use your Home Developing Kit to accommodate friends and neighbors. They'll be glad to give you their business for it will save them time and money, just as it does you.

THE CAMERA has all the latest features, including snapshot and time exposure and level view finder. Uses easy-to-get 127 film and takes 16 pictures on an 8-exposure roll. THE DEVELOPING KIT consists of 14 individual pieces as shown. There are 2 plastic trays, 1 metal print frame, 1 stirring rod, 1 package of two dozen sheets of contact paper, 3 Universal M-Q developer packs, 1 box acid-fixing solution, 1 plastic funnel, 1 GE darkroom light, 2 plastic clips and 1 easy-to-follow Handbook of developing and printing.

10 Day Examination Offer

Is this a value? You bet it is! By far the greatest value in the country today. Never before has it been possible to get everything necessary to take, make and develop pictures all for this one low price of only $4.98. These outfits are sure to be grabbed up fast. Photo and camera enthusiasts everywhere will be anxious to own a complete Kit such as this for fun and for spare time profit. You'll be wise to order your complete outfit right now while this low price offer is still in effect so that you won't be disappointed. It's first come, first served. If you want to get started at once to take, make and develop your own pictures, mail the coupon below today. You SEND NO MONEY! We'll let you examine and use the kit as your own for 10 days on our money-back guarantee offer.

You get this Big 14 Piece Developing Kit!



SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2528 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me the Complete Picture-Taking, Picture-Making Outfit as described. On arrival I will pay postman only $4.98 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges for everything. It is understood that if I am not positively delighted with the outfit in every way, I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

☐ I enclose $4.98 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit to me all postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

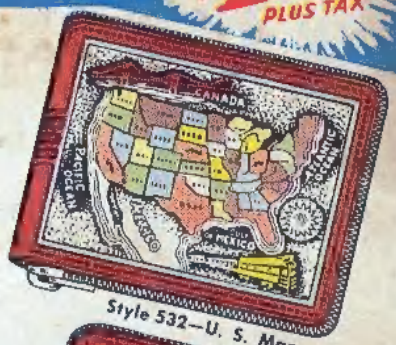
AMERICA'S GREATEST Zipper BILLFOLD BARGAIN!

BILLFOLDS ARE PRINTED IN *Breath Taking Colors!*

Your Choice $1.98 PLUS TAX

Style 536—Mexican Girl

Style 537—Mexican Gaucho



Style 532—U. S. Map

Style 549—Sporting Scene

Style 525—Buffalo Hunt

SENSATIONAL VALUE! A handsome all-around Zipper Billfold brightly decorated in scintillating colors. Illustrations shown herewith are faithful reproductions showing the beautiful colored scenes embossed on these billfolds. Can't rub off. Other exclusive features include Built-in Zipper Change Purse, Deluxe Pass Case and a roomy Currency Compartment. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rush your order and picture choice on the coupon below.

Style 520—Hula Girl

Style 544—Indian Scene

Style 526—Hawaiian Lovers

Style 535—Texas Ranger

Style 548—Covered Wagon

Social Security Plate only 35c

You can have this beautiful three Color Social Security Plate with your billfold for only 35c extra. Price includes engraving of your Social Security Number, your full name and address, and your phone number. Send 35c in coin on separate sheet of paper with above information and we'll ship postage prepaid.

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Gentlemen: Rush me the Saddle Type beautifully colored Zipper Billfold in the picture choice indicated below. I will pay postman only $1.98 plus fed. tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival. I must be fully satisfied or I can return the billfold within ten days for refund.

MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS: _____

(Give style number and subject)

If more than one Billfold is being ordered, state how many here: _____

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____